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**Personal Reminiscences
and Fragments of the
Early History of**

SPRINGFIELD
GREENE COUNTY
MISSOURI



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1914

By

MARTIN J. HUBBLE

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

AND FRAGMENTS *of the* EARLY HISTORY OF SPRINGFIELD

and GREENE COUNTY, MISSOURI

RELATED BY
PIONEERS
AND THEIR
DESCENDANTS

356

276



At OLD SETTLERS' DINNERS
GIVEN AT THE HOME OF
CAPT. MARTIN J. HUBBLE
MARCH 31, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911

1914

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FOREWORD.

This book would not have been published except for the suggestion of Father J. J. Lilly, after he had read of the first dinner I gave to the old settlers of Springfield. He suggested that my guests were the only persons now living who could tell of the early days as they really were, and of matters and things as they really existed, during the first few years of the settlement of Greene County. Realizing the truth of his statement, I herewith present the recollections of my guests, largely in their own language, which may not attract the hypercritical, but will satisfy all those wanting to know our early history and of early settlers, their integrity, perseverance and forcefulness. There is nothing about the late Civil War or things which occurred during or after it, except as to the death and burial of General Nathaniel Lyon, which is truthfully told by the only man living who knows the facts, Dr. S. H. Melcher, now of Chicago, Illinois.

The first dinner I gave was on the last day of March, 1906, fifty years after my arrival in the city. I sent out invitations written with a goose quill pen on a sheet of foolscap paper, and folded as we used to fold letters before envelopes were invented. They were all sealed with red wafers. The invitations were given to J. M. Kelley, J. R. D. Thompson, A. H. Wilson, Captain John L. Holland, J. L. Carson, Judge J. Y. Fulbright, Hon. L. H. Murray, Dr. E. M. Hendricks, F. M. Shockley, and T. B. Holland. The invitation read:

“On the last day of March, 1856, I rode into Springfield on a red sorrel horse having four white feet and a white nose, a flax mane and tail. The tail touched the ground and his mane reached his knees. I sold him to Hugh T. Hunt, who knew his stock, for \$250. I was twenty years old, and now at the end of fifty years, I want all of the **men** who lived in the city or county

then, and live in the city now, to take dinner with me on that anniversary.

There will not be many of you, so I urgently ask you to dine with me at my house at 12 o'clock noon next Saturday, the 31st day of March, 1906.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MARTIN J. HUBBLE."

MENU.

Turnip Greens

Hog's Jowl

Corn Bread

Buttermilk

Boiled Custard.

Pound Cake

The thirty-first of March, 1906, was a beautiful, sunshiny day and all of the guests were present. The next day Father Lilly met me on the street and made the suggestion that those assembled at the dinner write the early history of the city and county, and he was added to the list of guests. What occurred at the dinners afterwards will be found in the following pages.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY SETTLERS.**REV. J. J. LILLY****Toastmaster**

Hon. Chairman and Gentlemen:

Twelve months ago I had the pleasure of meeting our excellent host and urging him to continue the meetings of the Pioneer Citizens of the County and City, as the different papers, prepared and read, depicted the trials, toils and sacrifices they made, also facts placed on record would be of historical interest, and only the sons of the fathers can state these FACTS correctly.

I am pleased to be with you today, to "Sit at the feet of the Elders and Ancients of the People," and listen to the words of wisdom that fall from your lips, hear the history of those days, days of anxiety, peril and hard labor, changing prairie into fertile fields, clearing forests and abundance of harvests.

The sincere friendship that existed between neighbor and neighbor, helping and assisting each other in health, and when sickness came to offer all kindness, and in death, sympathy and condolence. The widow and orphan given help with an open hand.

You taught the children patriotism and the upholding of law and government, moral and divine—in a word, our "American Institutions." You were the incentives to thrift.

All these and more are the sureties of good citizenship. All having passed your "three score years and ten" and some "four score," I know you will join me in thanks to our Heavenly Father for the blessings he has showered upon you, long life, good health, happy surroundings and the hope of many happy days to come in the country and city you have helped to create. For myself I hope your days may be long and pleasant and when the time comes for the "Master's call," you may be ready, and receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

JUDGE J. Y. FULBRIGHT**The Reason Why We Had an Honest Community in the First Settling of This Country.**

The early settlers were mostly from the old hardy stock from Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and other older states. They came, viewed the country, were well pleased with the climate and topography; hence, determined to make for themselves and families permanent homes.

The next thing was to purify the community and make it a desirable and pleasant community in which to live. And as newcomers moved in, their conduct was carefully scrutinized and if serious objections were found, some of the older men would go to them quietly and inform them that their conduct was such that they preferred that they move on, as there was plenty of other territory elsewhere, and by that means got rid of them without arrests, fines or imprisonments, and probably no one would ever know of it except the parties themselves.

You ask how this could be done? I will illustrate by one or two instances. There was an old man who lived in the west portion of this county, familiarly known as Uncle Davy Reynolds. It was his custom when he came to Springfield to stay one night at my father's house and, as a boy, I had heard him tell of the working of this plan. On one occasion a man moved in and stopped near his place—had four horses to feed—and he, Uncle Davy, soon found that he was not buying corn sufficient to feed those four horses, for the county was sparsely settled and he knew every man who had corn to sell. He watched his crib and found his corn missing. He went to his crib on Saturday, selecting the day on purpose, arranged his corn so that he would know if any was taken, and in the cobs of several ears inserted a slip of paper with his name written on it. Next morning it was gone. On Sunday he visited this man and while there walked out to the lot, and on examining the cobs, found several with his name in them. He suggested to the man that it was a strange incident. Of course the man was confused. Uncle Davy suggested the best way out was for him to move and by the time the sun was an hour high the next morning he was gone.

One other instance—a neighbor of Uncle Davy's—kept missing his meat and suspected a man living on his place, in a cabin with stick and mud chimney, and large loose stones for hearth stones. He walked over, seated himself by the fire with the family, and soon found that one of the stones had been moved recently; suggested that he saw signs of the wood rats bothering them, raised the stone and found his ham of meat. The man soon left the county, never to return.

In this way they eliminated the objectionable element. In after years I spent the day socially with Solomon Owens, the father of Capt. Baker Owens. During the day we talked of the early settling of the county and I spoke of these things and he replied that he, too, had resorted to these measures often to rid the neighborhood of objectionable characters, and that the custom in those days was frequently resorted to by the older and better settlers.

J. R. D. THOMPSON

My father's name was Edward M. Thompson. He came to Springfield from Tennessee in 1829. He had previously lived in Kentucky and moved from there to Tennessee. He was raised in Maryland. After coming here he first settled on the headwaters of the James river at what was known as the Sam'l Caldwell farm. He afterwards moved from that place to the Joe McCraw farm at Cave Spring, which was then generally known as the Eastman farm, six miles from here on the Rock Bridge road. He then moved from there to Kickapoo Prairie, where I now live. He there entered 640 acres of land, on which I was born, and part of which I now own. I was born on the 12th day of July, 1836.

My earliest remembrance of the inhabitants of Springfield is of one DeBruin, who had a store on the corner of College street and the Public Square, where the old court house now stands. The next building was the State Bank, located on the corner of Boonville street and the Public Square. On the northeast corner of Boonville street and the Square, General N. R. Smith operated a hotel. The next house was Jacob Painter's gunsmith shop, located where Reps Dry Goods Store now stands. The next house

was over on the south side of St. Louis street and the corner of the Square, occupied by D. D. Berry's store. The next house was at the southeast corner of the Public Square, owned by Benjamin Andrews, and occupied as a grocery, confectionery and bread store. The next house was at the southeast corner of South street and the Public Square, where Sheppard & Jaggard ran a store. Right across from the latter store was a log house where Braddock Coleman occupied a building as a saloon. The next house was Judge Farmer's store, in which was located the postoffice, at that time, about where the O'Day Book Store now stands. The next house was the Rube Blakey saloon, situated on the west side of the Square, in the southwest corner, being a building about 12 feet by 14 feet square, where the O'Day Clothing Store now stands. There was nothing else on the west side of the Square at that time except the Blakey saloon. These are all the houses on the Public Square when I first came here that I can remember.

My mother's brother, Judge James Dollison, came here with my father. Judge Dollison entered 160 acres of public land, the southwest corner of which was Dollison and Cherry streets. My cousin, Mrs. Sample Orr, inherited one-fourth of that land, and she offered it to me for \$2,000 in 1866. I have since purchased a lot 75 feet by 185 feet cut out of that tract, for which I paid \$1,600, having made the purchase 25 years later.

Junius Campbell and my father and James Blakey owned the only farms then occupied between my house and Springfield on the Kickapoo Prairie. This constituted all the farms there were on Kickapoo Prairie at that time. James Dollison planted the first orchard that was ever planted in Greene County. I can remember when my mother rode over on horseback and brought home apples in her apron from that orchard and we thought that those were the best apples ever grown, for they tasted long and rich.

In those days we went to Cason's Mill, where the James River bridge is now located near Galloway. The Yoakum mill was then in existence, but there was no mill at the Jones Spring at that time. Old Uncle Bennie Bashears at Beaver Gap had a corn cracker, which consisted of two little stones of about a foot or 18 inches across, and those old stones were lying about there in

that neighborhood a few years ago. But neither the Fulbright nor the mill at Jones Spring had been built at that time. The Cason Mill is the oldest mill that I know of. The next mill to be built was at the Jones Spring and also the Lawson Fulbright Mill.

The earliest remembrances that I have of the inhabitants is that of Mr. Nick Smith, who run a tavern on Boonville street, and old man Andrews and DeBruin and Jake Painter. I also remember Wilson Hackney, the old hatter, who lived on South street; also Peter Epperson and Braddock Coleman; also a man by the name of Peck, who lived right where George McDaniels' house now stands; also Wash Merritt, who bought that place and taught school there. That was the only house there was out that direction just then. On College street there was Allen Fielden, who lived down here some where. Maj. Berry lived down there in a little double log house. That was the only house there was on the south side of College street, and there was none at all on the north side except Presley Beal and Jake Mills. On Boonville street there was Nick Smith and Joe Burden, whom I have already mentioned. Burden afterwards lived on St. Louis street. Old Captain A. M. Julian's carding machine was located on Boonville street, as was also the old blacksmith, Jenkins; he was on the hill on the south side of Jordan. There was nobody else on that side of the street out that way.

The grandfather of Jimmie Edwards lived on the hill on the west side of Boonville street. Eli Armstrong's step-father had a tan yard right where the bridge is now. It was known as the Jessup tan yard. At that time there were no residences on the north end of Boonville street.

I also remember old Captain Massey. He bought the improvements of Mr. Warren here. He was one of the oldest settlers that I can remember on Kickapoo Prairie.

I have preserved all this time a copy of a contract between Mr. Samuel Teas and certain citizens, which I will submit for its antiquity:

“Article of Agreement made by Samuel Teas on the one part, and we the undermentioned subscribers of the other part, Witnesseth:

That the said Samuel Teas, on his first part, agrees to teach a common, moral, English school, to the best of his capacity, to teach six months, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, to teach in the school house near Mr. John Haskins; the said Teas binds himself to keep good order and regulation in this school. We the assigners on our part promise to pay the said Teas, for his services, six dollars for each pupil by us assigned, and to pay one-half of our subscription at the end of the first three months, the balance at the end of the school, and to make the school house comfortable to teach in, &c., &c. We, the teacher and subscribers farther agrees that there shall be three Trustees appointed for the school, who shall have the power to regulate and settle all disputes, or difficulties which may arise in the school, and should the teacher neglect or not do his duty, the Trustees shall have the power to close the school by first paying him for the time he may have taught. We, the teacher and subscribers do agree in all cases to abide by the decision of the Trustees. Witness our hands, &c., the school to commence on the.....day ofthe 1841.

Samuel Teas.

	No.	\$	cts
Jeremiah Cravens	3	18	00
A. Britten	1½	9	00
Danl Prigmore	2	12	00
James Byrd	1	1	00
E. W. Beasley	3	18	00
Benjamin Thomas	1	6	00
John F. Mills.....	1½	9	00
Abraham Fisher	3	18	00
Berry Durham	½	3	00
John Haskins	2	12	00
Thomas F. Thompson.....	1½	9	00
Edw. L. Dillon	2	12	00
Saml W. Mann.....	1	6	00

P. S.—Be it farther understood that the said Samuel Teas who is mentioned in the within Article further agrees that he will take one-third of the amount assigned by each subscriber in any suitable trade to be paid to the said Teas when called for and delivered to him at his place of residence at the market price

of the country. Be it also understood by the assigners and teacher that no day scholars will be admitted to come to this school, neither shall any assigners to this article send at any time day scholars without it should be to make up lost time, &c.

Samuel Teas.

I will teach the school if there be twenty-five pupils assigned to this Article. S. Teas."

CAPT. JOHN LAWSON HOLLAND

I came to this country in 1841, about the 10th of November. I came from Tennessee. I lived on the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. I came into this city on St. Louis street. One of the first residences that I can recollect on St. Louis street was Dr. Shackelford's, who lived east of Dollison street, which was then out in the country. After passing Dr. Shackelford's coming into town, the next residence was John S. Kimbrough's. Next to him was old Uncle James R. Danforth; then came old man Shannon, who had a hotel on the south side of St. Louis street where the Opera House now stands. That is all there was at that time up to the corner, where Berry had a store. I heard Mr. Thompson's statement of the residences and early citizens of the city and they are about the ones I recollect. There was nothing on the southeast corner of the Square except the places that Mr. Thompson has already mentioned; there was, however, a man named David O. George, who had a house there which has since been known as the Braddock Coleman place. Afterwards the old log cabin that the General and myself bought was built.

The Square was just about the way Mr. Thompson described it when I came here. Major Berry lived on College street on the south side, and Beal lived on the north side. Joel Haden had the land office on the north side of the place occupied by DeBruin. On Boonville street there was a hotel run by a man named Smith, and old man Edwards lived on the west side. The old log jail was located on the east side of the street. For about twenty years I don't think there was a man put into it. We had no use for a jail. It was an old double log jail; however, there

was one man named Shanks who was placed in there for murder and he cut out of jail and escaped, and never was apprehended.

These streets leading from the Square were named on account of the direction of the main travel in early days, between the towns from which we received our supplies. For instance, Boonville was the name given the road because of the travel between Boonville, Missouri, and Springfield. St. Louis street was given that name on account of it being the main St. Louis road. College street was so named because of the establishment of a college on that street. South street was so named on account of its general direction.

The first church built in Springfield was built in 1833 or '34, and is standing now. It is the oldest in the city now in existence. It was occupied in early days by preachers of different denominations. The court house was also used for the purposes of worship, different denominations occupying it on alternate Sundays.

The first court house that Greene County had was an old log house, which was torn down before I came here.

I think when I came here that the population of the town on the original fifty-acre tract would not exceed 200.

I think I can remember the name of every man who then lived within the corporate limits.

I might say further that I have two pieces of furniture, an old chair and an old bureau, that was made here in the city many, many years ago. The bureau has been in my family some sixty-three or sixty-four years, and it is a strong piece of furniture today. It was made by Pressley Beal, who then had a shop on the corner of College street and Patton alley. The chair I have had some fifty years. It was made by Mr. Shockley's father, and I kept it as a memory of my early association with those gentlemen.

As I have frequently been interrogated about the punishment administered to Samuel Glover, who was a worthless fellow who hung about the drinking places of the town, I have always refused to give any information upon the subject further than to say that he was punished and that he was told what his punishment was for. Mr. Hubble has quizzed me so thoroughly on the

subject that I will tell just this much of the circumstance. This man had a very pretty girl some fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she apparently had very little of the care that was due from her father. On one occasion she was given a calico dress by some of the good women of the town, and it was noticed that she never appeared with it on. Upon inquiry of the girl about the matter, she was forced to admit that her father had taken it away from her and had pawned it for drink. Sometime thereafter, search was made for this recreant gentleman, and he was found in a nearby place of drink in the old Baker Arcade, and he was escorted down the hill, and after a few minutes' entertainment the gentleman was permitted to make his escape. I again refuse to admit that I took any part in it, or to name those who did. Promises made even at that early date will hold good yet. I never admitted or undertook to tell anybody about it. I have been asked if he ever robbed his family any more. I can say in good faith that I don't think he ever did while he lived in this vicinity.

While I was in school in Tennessee, I got into a little trouble and was punished for it. About twenty years ago my wife and myself went back to old Tennessee to make a visit to my early home. We were driving along in a road in a buggy, and in passing through the country not far from my old home we came to a farm with a spring near by, and I requested the driver to stop, as I wanted to get a drink of water. An elderly lady came to the gate when we drove up, and I told her that I would be glad to get a drink of water from the spring. She asked me to wait until she could bring fresh water from the spring. I says, "No, you need not do that." I says, "Where is your husband?" She says, "He is out in the field." I says, "I should like to see him very much. Your husband whipped me once." She at once became very much excited and agitated, and I asked her again if I might be permitted to see him, and it seemed to worry her so much I said to her: "Madam, you need not feel worried about the matter, as I was just a boy in school when he whipped me, and I am very anxious to see him." She realized the fact that it was a school-boy frolic and insisted upon my waiting until she could call him, but I told her that I had not time, as I was going to a nearby neighbor.

I am pretty well acquainted with the people who lived here when I came here and soon got well acquainted through business relation with the people of the country. I sold goods to the people here and extended more or less credit up to the beginning of the war. I believe the only outstanding account that I had when I closed business was one account amounting to \$1.25, and I had numerous promises from the man to pay that. I frequently dunned him, and finally he came into the store with a fine new knife one day and wanted to trade knives. He selected a knife which pleased his fancy, and I offered in exchange to take his knife and give him six bits to boot. I handed him my knife and took his knife and put it in my pocket. I made no offer of the six bits. He saw that I had omitted to give him the boot money, and he says, "You haven't paid me yet." I remarked to him, "You just owed me \$1.25, and we will just square that account," and in that way I collected my last account.

FRANCIS MARION SHOCKLEY

I came to Springfield in 1841 with my father and the family from Giles County, Tennessee. As to any further statement I can only just say that I acquiesce in the statements made by Mr. Holland and the other gentlemen in every particular in regard to the buildings, improvements and the location of residences in this city, except perhaps that I remember Mr. E. M. Bearden and Mr. Henry Matlock. They lived over where the McGregor warehouse now stands.

J. F. BROWN

I arrived here about February 14th, 1853, at 10 a. m. Came from Tennessee by way of Berryville, Ark. Stopped at Gen. N. R. Smith Hotel, board \$1.50 per week. Shortly after my arrival, I noticed a crowd collected in the south side of the Public Square. They were laughing and making considerable noise. On inquiry as to the cause, the General informed me they were burning Rube Blakey's whiskey.

William Ross from Illinois was here, making temperance speeches, and Rube had been converted, and the evening before joined the Sons of Temperance.

You old citizens all remember the nice times we had, many beautiful and lovely girls, sociables on every Thursday evening, which were open to all; respectable young men were eligible, if they respected themselves; money did not count. Those men with a taint were given to understand "not wanted." If any man had dared to insult one of our girls, Springfield would have been a hard road for him to travel. The young men were the girls' protectors.

These same young men visited the sick and nursed them if needed; any person in town sick we all heard of it. A stranger visiting taken sick, was looked after and the best of care given him; if in distress financially the boys went down in their pockets.

Two hundred and fifty was the number of inhabitants claimed on my arrival. Court house in center of Square. Jail on Boonville street, near Water, built of logs. When occupied, Uncle Ev. Hollingsworth had the care of the unfortunate in the "Stable," as Judge Chas. S. Yancy dubbed it.

The preceding statements so nearly cover the situation that I've nothing to add. Actual count of heads of families living in Springfield, Mo., March 31, 1853, 280; single men, 36; total population of Springfield on that date, 316.

JOHN M. WOODS

I was born in Rockford City, Illinois, having moved from there when I was two weeks old, in a two-foot snow, and went to Tennessee, and was raised in the corner of Giles, Lawrence and Maury Counties, Tennessee. My father owned a cotton factory in that country and sold it in the year 1851. He came to this country and bought property here and returned in 1852, and in 1853 he moved with his family to this country.

When I came here there was quite an improvement on the Public Square to the condition narrated by these gentlemen preceding me. Beginning at College street and going north, Mr. DeBruin had the stand that has been spoken of, and between

that and the next business place was the business house of Farrier & Weaver, for whom Uncle Jesse Kelly was clerking. The first time I ever saw Jesse Kelly he was clerking and tailoring. The first time I ever remember seeing him he was sewing up a pair of fine pants for himself. The next house north of that was Fielden's, and then on the north side I don't think there was anything more until you got to the bank building; yes, however, there was a little house where the Lancet was published, a newspaper edited first by Mr. Davis and afterwards by Mr. Boren. Then the next on the east side of Boonville street were about the locations that Mr. Thompson has already mentioned. Painter was on the corner, and on the corner of St. Louis street the old Temperance Hall was built, a two-story brick. From St. Louis street south to the corner of the Square I don't think there was anything in addition to what Mr. Thompson has mentioned except that somebody occupied a drug store in there, and Dr. Shackelford had a dry goods store there. On the south side of the Square from the Andrews place to South street, there was a little house that nobody has mentioned that old man Troger had; he had a little stand in there. I know I came in one day, and as I was going in there with Wiley Roper to get some crackers, the old counter was lined up with men with guns and pistols and it looked like war times. McAdams had a business house on the west side, and Rube Blakey's place was on the corner of College and the Square. He had a gallery there. Those are about the additions that I remember on the Square.

There were two churches here when I came, the Christian church on College street and the Methodist church here that has been spoken of, and a Presbyterian church was being built on Jefferson street south of Walnut. There was also the Stevens brick school house on Benton avenue and Water street. Mr. Carlton had his college here and was teaching; that was on the south side of the Mt. Vernon road, which was afterwards named College street, after the establishment of his college. Those are two of the additions that I remember to the Square and the immediate streets. There was the Bailey House on South street and then the Lyon House constructed in its stead on the east side of South street. Then there was Wilson Hackney's place next, and those were all the business houses there in that direction, as

I remember it. David O. George had some kind of a business, I think, back off of the street, or he might have perhaps lived there. There was an old log house where the Christian church now stands made from white oak logs and weather-boarded.

I have been frequently asked about the number of people living here about that time. Now, people generally in talking about it, ask me, how many people are there here? Of course they would go by the old fifty-acre tract. As a rule everybody lived on what they called a lot. They didn't have over an acre or two acres of ground at that time and they were regarded as living in the town, and they claimed a population of 500, and I should think that they had that many.

On Grand Prairie there was the Bragg place, and the Uncle Joe Rountree place; William White was opening a place, and the John Rountree place; the Bill Tatum place; the John Young place; the old man Postum place west of the Young place, and the Potter place, and the Weaver place; the William Massey place and the Buck Rountree place, and the Bill Robberson place, and my father's place. Those constituted all the farms on the prairie, and all the rest of the prairie was open and vacant.

I remember that on the day after the battle of Wilson Creek, on Sunday morning, I got on my horse to go down to the battle ground, and I struck a bee line as straight as I could go through the prairie, and I never let down a fence, or went through anybody's gate from the old Weaver farm to the battleground. There was not a farm on the way from there to the battleground, a distance of about eight miles.

J. L. CARSON

I was born and raised in Tennessee and got to Springfield, Missouri, July 29th, 1855.

I found the manufacturing and mechanical "plants" then in Springfield to be first in amount of output. John Lair, who had a blacksmith and wagon shop at the northwest corner of Jefferson and St. Louis streets. There nearly all the plows and wagons were made and repaired. I don't remember the number of "fires" he then run, but later he run from four to eight "fires"

and later made "stocks" and used leather belting and could shoe 100 mules a day if the driver was in a hurry. Lair's "Prairie Breaker" was known for 100 miles and required from four to six yoke of oxen to pull it through the tough roots of the prairie sod.

Wm. McAdams' saddlery and harness shop was where the ten cent store now is. He had several journeymen and apprentices all working hard and steadily from ten to fifteen hours a day. All overwork was paid for at regular rates, and there was no strikes nor discontent.

Presley Beal had a "cabinet shop" at the northwest corner of College and Patton alley, where bedsteads, bureaus, etc., were made so strong and good that there are some of them now in the city, apparently as good as ever. At the northwest corner of Mill and Boonville, Thos. Jessup had a tan yard, where the leather used by people was largely made.

A little further north, on the opposite side of Boonville street, was Capt. Julian's "carding machine," a very important part of our industrial life, and the old ox and the "tread wheel" that furnished the motive power was kept steadily at work during the carding machine's season.

Wilson Hackney had a hatter shop a little north of the corner of Walnut and South streets, and there he made hats that lasted so long that sometimes the owners got tired of them.

Uncle Jake Painter had a gunsmith shop in the northeast corner of the Square. It was an important factor in our early life. He made and repaired rifles and "Jake's Best," a single barrel pistol, was a necessity to all who crossed the plains. The "hammer" was on the underside of the barrel and all were "sighted and trained" before leaving the shop. He was a genial old gentleman and lived to a ripe old age.

In closing, I say I feel some responsibility for these pleasant reunions, because I introduced our host to his good wife, and a few weeks later I had the pleasure of standing by his side when he made his vow to honor, love and OBEY Mary J. Powell. How well he has kept his vow only she can know, but, judging from her appearance, wearing her 67 years without a gray hair in her head, I have a right to believe he has kept his promise fairly well.

J. THOMPSON WALKER

I came to this county on the 12th day of November, 1855. I was born in Bedford County, Tennessee. I came here alone. There was quite an improvement in the situation here in 1855, from what has been detailed by the other gentlemen present. There were a great many additions to the city at that time. McQuarter had a hotel on the corner of the Square and Boonville, and there was a little house on the other side which was used as a stage office. That was where the bank is now. The next was the old Danforth Temperance Hall, and after you passed Berry's store there was a little frame building that Ben Smith had a barber shop in; then came Andrews, Shackelford and McElhany, and a little house where Mrs. Worrel's building is. There was a little log office between it and Sheppard & Kimbrough's store that was used for a little office. After you passed Sheppard's store and across from South street on the other corner, was the Braddock Colman saloon. On the east side of the Square I don't believe there was any addition to the buildings named by Mr. Thompson. On the west side of the Square, Circle had a clothing store north of McAdams' shop. I remember that he had a lawsuit and had Circle for a witness, and Mr. Haun was an attorney on the opposite side, and Circle swore to a certain state of facts, and when it came time for Haun to cross-examine him, he says:

Mr. Circle, you say so and so? Answer. Yes.

Ques. How do you know that; did you see it? Ans. No, sir.

Ques. Well, how do you know it? Ans. Hugh Hunt told me.

Ques. Well, then, you don't know it? Ans. Oh, yes, I do.

Ques. How do you know? Ans. Why, Hugh Hunt told me so.

And they never did get anything else out of him, and the matter was submitted to the jury upon that statement.

A. H. WILSON

I was born the 21st day of July, 1835, near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Came to Springfield in 1854, arriving November 5, after a trip of about seven weeks, having left the old home September 18th. We camped—my father's family—four or five days on

what is now St. Louis street, on the lot now occupied by the residence of Harry Silsby. The first acquaintance made was with Marion Shockley, who lived on the opposite side of the road from our camp. Also made the acquaintance of Peter C. King (who afterwards was sheriff of Greene County), Jno. S. Kimbro and Samuel Jopes. These gentlemen came to our camp to welcome our arrival, as if we were old friends. In those days there was no need of the formality of an introduction. Every citizen was the friend of each newcomer as long as he proved to be deserving. If a man was honest and industrious no questions were asked about his past possessions, or whether he was college bred or what church he attended, or the thousand and one questions now asked.

The citizens of Springfield and Greene County of that day were generally men of education, much of it self-acquired in the rude struggle of pioneer life. They were well read upon all the questions relating to the welfare of the nation. In the U. S. Senate Thos. H. Benton once affirmed that "Springfield contained more men familiar with leading political questions of the day than any other 40 acres of the State of Missouri," and I suppose he was not far out of the way.

Jno. Lair was also an acquaintance made at our camp. We had a hack with a broken iron axle, which I took to his shop on St. Louis street for repairs, and foolishly asked him if he could mend it. He replied, "I can mend anything, young man." He was a shrewd business man and a good and upright citizen, who lived by the Golden Rule. As an instance, I heard Bedford Henslee relate a business transaction with him. He and Mr. Henslee had some dealing together in which there was due Mr. Henslee a balance of several hundred dollars on an open account, which had run for several months, and when settlement was made, interest was computed and scrupulously paid as if the claim had been secured by an interest-bearing note. Mr. Lair did much for the advancement and upbuilding of Springfield. In connection with Monroe Ingram, in 1858, he established the first foundry and machine shop in the city. It did not prove much of a success, but showed his spirit of enterprise. Many others could be named who helped to boost Springfield in that early day.

The enterprise that did most to push Springfield to the front in those days and give her a conspicuous place on the map of the nation was the Overland Mail Route, which was the forerunner of the Southern Pacific Railroad. This was accomplished by the arduous and unceasing efforts of the late Governor Jno. S. Phelps while in Congress. After the passage of the law, there was a very strong "pull" for the location of the point of departure for the Pacific Coast. Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee, President Buchanan's postmaster general, insisted that Memphis should be the starting point, while Governor Phelps and many prominent Missourians insisted on St. Louis. While Gov. Phelps was in the west looking over the proposed route, the postmaster general was using every effort for Memphis. Gov. Phelps was hastily summoned to Washington, where, after a long and heated discussion, the matter was compromised with one line from Memphis—the other from St. Louis. The franchise or contract was awarded to Jno. Butterfield of New York, a life-long stage man of very limited education, but a man of wonderful energy and a prince of organizers. When he arrived in Springfield to look out a location for barn and shops, he created a great interest. Major D. D. Berry banqueted him and had many prominent citizens to meet him. He was a short, thick man, and it being warm weather he wore on the streets a linen duster down to his heels. A good many young men about town got Butterfield Coats, among them Brannon Woodson, Billy Hornbeak, Jake Shultz, Jack Leathers and others. The fad was short lived. I think they were all discarded before frost.

Mr. Butterfield established his barn and shops on the lots now occupied by the Reps Dry Goods Co., and part of the lot covered by the Heer Dry Goods Co. Part of the property was owned by Jake Painter on which was his gunsmith shop. Mr. Butterfield was a man of few words, and approaching Mr. Painter said: "I want to buy your lot." Mr. Painter asked: "What will you give?" The answer was, "One thousand dollars." Mr. Painter replied, "I will give you the deed tomorrow," and the transaction was closed, which I suppose is the shortest real estate deal ever made in Springfield.

Mr. Painter moved his shop to his home lot on the corner of Olive street and Patton alley, and it is said he was never again

seen on the Public Square. I, myself, do not remember to have seen him away from his shop in the thirty years he lived in Springfield, after he moved from the Square.

It was a red letter day for Springfield, about the middle of August, 1858, when the first Overland coach arrived. The business houses were decorated, and men, women and children were out on the Public Square in force. If my memory serves me right, three coaches came in together—horses and coaches decorated with flags and ribbons, bugles sounding and horses came up Boonville hill at a gallop. Young Jno. Butterfield was on the first coach, and it was said he made the entire trip through to California, but of course he was relieved for rest and sleep. The trip took about twenty-one days.

When Horace Greely of the Tribune and Sam Bowles of the Springfield, Mass., Republican came through Springfield in September, 1859, there was quite a turn-out to welcome them, but they were only here for a few minutes.

Warren H. Graves, who had taken much interest in establishing the line, on every trip received a bundle of daily papers that gave the later news than came in the regular mails, and there was always a rush to see the latest papers, and the interest never flagged as long as the mail was continued. Among the people who were most persistent to get the news were W. B. Logan, Jno. S. Kimbro and Col. M. Oliver.

There was always a crowd to welcome the coaches' arrival from either east or west; there was seldom a trip that did not bring one or more prominent men on the passenger list.

The saddest time came when in June, 1861, every day brought two or three coaches from the west, with a string of horses and men going north. And when the great war began in earnest the glory of the Overland Mail had departed forever.

JESSE M. KELLY

My father settled in this county in the year 1837. I was born in 1830 in Greene County, Tenn. My father settled some twenty miles northwest of Springfield near Walnut Grove, within three miles of where the city of Walnut Grove is situated. My father's

name was George W. Kelly. He represented this county in the State Legislature for one term and was twice sheriff of this county. My father, with his family, passed through Springfield and moved to the place heretofore indicated, and I did not again see Springfield until I was fifteen or sixteen years old.

I have heard the statement of Mr. Thompson as to the location of business houses and residences, and of the early inhabitants of Springfield, and my remembrance of those things is about the same as he has narrated, with the exception that later I remember that Dr. Shackelford ran a store on the east side of the Square; also that Mr. McAdams had a harness shop on the west side of the Square. C. B. and J. L. Holland had a clothing store and tailor shop on the west side of the Square, located the next door to McAdams.

My father located northwest of this city about twenty miles when all of this country was prairie out in this northwestern direction and which was unoccupied, all of what is now called Grand and Leepers Prairies, and there were no roads through the county, excepting there was an old Indian trace that ran from a place below here on the creek that was called Delaware-town, which came by a little to the west of Springfield, and crossed the Osage river at the point where Osceola now stands, and on into the country to the northwest to a place called Harmony Mission; also known as the "Big Road." It had been traveled until there were paths for the teams and wagon. My father built his cabin close to this road at a little spring. No man in those days would settle in this country unless he had a spring of running water. The next thing of importance to him, and for which he sought, was timber. They seemed to be rather suspicious of this prairie land. They did not know whether it would grow corn and oats or not. It never had grown any timber, and coming from a woodland country in Tennessee and North Carolina, where they didn't know how to make a field unless they hewed it out of the forest instead of fencing in the prairie, they would go down on a spring branch and chop out and grub and clear three or four acres of ground for a field, which would cost them more labor than it would have to build a forty-acre field in a prairie.

The neighbors were from one to three miles apart, and dependent altogether on where the Creator had planted springs for a settlement. The country then was full of game. Deer by the herds, and wild turkeys by the flock, and bands of wolves, and occasionally a panther, and a bear, or a wild cat, or catamount, as we called them, were found. It was a big heavy cat with a short tail, perhaps what Roosevelt now calls the Bob cat. The men had plenty of leisure in those days, and notwithstanding their privations, visited each other a great deal. A man would walk two or three miles to a neighbor's to see how they were getting along. No man left his house or went to his neighbor's without carrying his old flint lock four-foot rifle. I guess a stranger coming into a country and seeing a man visiting that way would have thought it was hardly safe to remain here. It would seem that everybody here was up in arms, but they didn't carry their guns to protect themselves against mankind, or to attack a man, but they didn't know but they might run into a wolf, or might come across a panther, or something of that kind, and if they hadn't meat at home they would kill a deer as they went home. I have known my father to pass by a herd of deer where there were sometimes twenty in a bunch, where he was near enough to shoot, and might have selected the particular deer he wanted to kill, and never take his gun off his shoulder. We had meat enough at home.

Every family had its little cotton patch and its little flax patch; also a little flock of sheep, and the women folks made their wearing apparel at home. The man, for every day wear, wore brown jeans, sometimes called butternut, in our days, but he always had a Sunday suit which his wife had made for him of indigo blue, and when he got that on he could strut. The women folks made their own dresses. They spun their cotton, dyed the colors, and they had blue and pale blue, and white and copperas, striped or checked, as fancy pleased them, and when a woman could get a few threads of turkey red woven into her dress, when she got that on she could strut.

The grass of the prairies grew very tall, and what paths there were through the prairies had gradually been worn down by deer and buffalo, and perhaps originally started by the Indians, so that if there was any decline to carry off soil it was

washed down perhaps a foot or so, and the grass would grow up so tall that you could not see the paths; it would just fall over and cover them. I have gone with my trousers wet way above the knees along these paths from the dew in the morning hunting my horses to plow, as we turned them out every night on the grass. In the fall of the year, when the grass would be dry and a fire would get started, if the wind was high, it would take a pretty fleet horse to keep out of the way.

From where my father built his house, his first cabin, to where he made his little field in the edge of the prairie, it was about half a mile away, and the ground was covered with prairie grass the same as on the prairies, but here and there was a large oak tree. He kept the fire out of that for protection, and it grew in sprouts. The next year or two they had grown to bushes, and then got to be saplings, and the last time I saw that timber over forty years ago, it would have made six rails to the cut. That is how the timber grows in this country.

A man thought in those days that he must have 100 acres of timber to every forty acres of prairie. But the timber grew fast, and then it could not be disposed of.

Now, in respect to the houses that people built in those days, they were made of rough logs and usually about sixteen feet square. There wasn't a nail in them nor a piece of iron. They were what we called rib and weight pole roofs. The ribs were laid lengthwise to hold the boards, and the boards were laid on ribs and the weight poles were laid on the boards to hold them down. The doors were made of clapboards similar to those on the roof, generally four feet long and nearly a foot wide. They made a good roof, and the doors were hung on wooden hinges. They had a wooden latch on the inside with a string tied to it and a hole above it, and the string hung on the outside. If you were outside and wanted to get in, all you had to do was to pull the string, and I suppose that is the origin of the phrase that the "latch string hangs on the outside." The sleeping arrangements in those cabins consisted merely of what we called a one-post bedstead. That is to say, a post was placed in the floor and an auger hole was bored in the wall on one side and into the wall on the opposite corner, and poles were placed in those holes extending across to the upward pole, and boards were laid across, and

on top of that we had a straw tick. We also had what we called a trundle bed, which was built low enough to be pushed under this bed which was to be used by the children, and in our house there was three of us children, and we could all lie with our heads in one way upon the bed. After a while there was another one sent down from the big bed, and there were four of us. Then we had to turn, two heads one way and two the other way, and our feet went in between each other. After a while, when there got to be five of us in the trundle bed, and we could not be fitted in that way, we had to be put crossways, and I, being the oldest boy, by that time I was too long, and I had to either let my head hang out on one side or my feet on the other, and I guess I let my feet hang out the most, for they are bigger than my head, and that accounts for the wearing of a number nine shoe instead of a number seven.

I will tell you, gentlemen, those sturdy old industrious pioneers had more energy, more grit, and more sand than money, and they opened up this country and built up its commerce; they with their wives, those women who made personal sacrifices and endured the greatest of hardships, they are the parents of a race of people that cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. They were as noble as Spartans; and amongst their descendants we might pick out men of learning and men of genius. I don't want to call names of the old pioneers, because I would have to leave some of them unmentioned; they were all alike. I say among the descendants of those people we might pick out lawyers and lawmakers, doctors, school teachers, preachers, some politicians, and maybe, if some one was ambitious enough, that we might have found one among the number who could have taken Teddie's place.

During those early days we had no schools. My mother taught four of us children how to read and spell at home. We had no chairs in the house except two that were tied to the rear end of the wagon when they moved from Tennessee, and the posts were worn half an inch deep from rubbing against the feed trough. My father split the timbers out, what we called punch-ions, and put legs in them for his children to sit on. Among those was one some five or six feet long. My mother would set us four children on a bench, and while she was about her cook-

ing and housework she would teach us, and if we found a word we could not spell we would put our finger on it and turn the book to her, and she would pronounce it for us, and we would go on. By that means we learned to read. I do not remember just when the free school system was organized in this country. We had at first a three months' school, commencing in the summer, and the boys would go a few weeks after the corn was laid by, and after the school was closed the teacher had to wait for the trustees to make their return of his school and draw his money for it the following year. We seldom had the same teacher two years, and every teacher would turn the boys back in their books, and they were just as far as they were at school before. He turned them back, some to "Baker" and some to "Amity." These were the first words in the lessons of the old blue back speller. I know boys who had gone to school a little while each year, ten or twelve years, and could not read.

I would like to speak of the things of which we were deprived and which the younger people may think indispensable to business and comfort, and of our substitutes therefor; we had no railroads, but we had our ox teams and horse teams which enabled us to transport any of our products to market. We hauled our wheat to Boonville. We had no telegraph or telephone, but we had a substitute; we called it the "dinner horn." It was made from the largest and longest ox horn and had a suitable mouthpiece carved in the small end with an opening to the hollow of the horn. Any woman or 10-year-old boy or girl could blow this horn so that it might be heard from one to three miles away. This horn was used to call the men from their work to breakfast, dinner or supper, but if heard at any other hour of the day or night it was known as a signal for help.

Everybody knew the tone of every settler's horn, and when heard at any hour between meal hours, every man within hearing distance started at once for the cabin from where the summons came. The cabin might be surrounded by a pack of wolves, a panther or a wild cat might have been seen in a tree, some one might have been bitten by a snake, for snakes were numerous in those days, or a child might be lost in the woods, or a boy had fallen from a tree.

Once my father was plowing, when a neighbor's dinner horn blew at an unusual hour, and in less time than it takes to tell it my father was astride the plow horse and off at a gallop to the cabin where the horn had blown. No roads, but everybody knew the location of the cabins by corners.

We had no new-fangled harness in those days. Our harness was fastened with a leather strap with a knot on the end, it was passed through a hole in each side of the hames and with one turn below, the knot was brought around and tightened with a loop, and all you had to do was to give a jerk to the other end and the hames were opened and the horse walked out of his harness, and the driver was astride him in a minute.

I have heard old men say, "I would like to live my life over again, if I were allowed to correct mistakes," but I would like to go back to 1837 and come up through all the deprivations, labor, exposures, joys and disappointments, rather than to quit and go away.

And now, may I wish that our friend, Martin J. Hubble, who has so kindly honored us with an invitation to meet and talk with him about old times, and all you old friends, if it were possible, may live as long as I would like to.

HON. L. H. MURRAY

The history of any country is that of her people. It would recognize along the corridors of past time persons whose marked individuality render them conspicuous among their fellows. That of Greene County presents here and there, such characters, wresting her wastes of land from nature's state; developing her latent resources or giving to her growth a fresh momentum by inviting immigration to her boundaries.

Originally the Osage Indians occupied this part of Missouri. Then the Delawares from Ohio and Indiana, and the Kickapoos when being removed to their "reservation," were located here for a time. Old Bob Patterson settled in what was called Greene, now in Webster County, in 1821. John P. Campbell, John Edwards, William Fulbright, Joseph Miller, James Massey and others, with their families, settled in the vicinity of what is now

Springfield in 1829. John P. Campbell was one of the leading early settlers and the founder of Springfield, where he resided from the time of its first settlement till his death in 1849. Radford Cannefax and family arrived in 1831. Judge Charles Yancey in 1830, and Joseph Burden and Joseph Rountree soon afterwards. The pioneer life of these first settlers was varied; their experiences are full of reminiscences worthy of record. The journey to St. Louis (their source of most supplies) over mere bridle paths, often for necessities of life, broke the monotony of frontier life.

The county was organized January 2nd, 1833, and named in honor of General Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary renown. It then embraced nearly all the State south of the Osage river west of Phelps County. During the year 1834, John Mooney and Thomas Patterson, with their families, settled on James river, about seven miles south of Springfield. At the first election in 1834, Joseph Weaver was sent to the Senate, J. D. Shannon to the House, and Chesley Cannefax was chosen sheriff. Springfield was selected as the county seat in 1836, at which time none of the lands were owned in fee, but all held alike as squatters. In 1836 the first frame house was built by Benjamin Cannefax, and in 1837 the first bricks were burned and a chimney built therefrom, which attracted general attention, being the first of that kind in the place. In 1839 the United States Land Office was opened at Springfield, but for a few years during the war it was removed to Boonville for safety. Joel Haden was the first receiver and a Mr. Brown the first register, and Junius T. Campbell the first postmaster.

The first court house was built in 1839 and burned in 1861. The present building situated on the west side of the Public Square was commenced before the war and was not completed until after its close.

For several years after the settlers came, the Delaware Indians constituted by far the largest part of the inhabitants. They occupied beautiful lands surrounded by lovely groves of walnut, sycamore, etc., on the banks of Wilson creek. In 1840 they reluctantly ceded the country to the U. S. Government, taking in exchange lands near Kansas City, to which they at once

removed. This opened the country for settlement and immigration poured in rapidly.

In the early days of our city it was the custom of the inhabitants to perch upon some of the many stumps in the middle of the Square and look afar off down the Old White River trace (now St. Louis street) and tell with perfect certainty an approaching cavalcade of Tennesseans, Carolinians, Kentuckians, or Old Virginians. The Tennesseans would be moving along in wagons with upturned wagon beds—loaded with precious white-headed children, as regular in height as stair-steps, drawn by two horses and a mule spike. The Carolinians would be straddled on mules and jacks. Tennesseans always had a grease bucket to lubricate the running gear part of the wagons; Carolinians had tar buckets, filled with Carolina pine tar, to heal up the bruises and grow the hair tight on the naked places of their dumb brutes. Tennesseans were bareheaded, barefooted, and wore copper-colored breeches, with legs run through about a foot and a half too far; Carolinians, high quartered black leather shoes, and were afraid of snakes. A flintlock gun and a dog of the "Sooner" kind always was a part of Old Virginians. This was seventy-five years ago and but few of these witnesses are now living. Jacob Painter was one, however, whose memory was not treacherous, and in his old age could look upon the historic panorama of Springfield, and paint in simple and interesting colors to the edification of all who love the early history of their home. Jacob was a natural born angler, and many years ago would while away the whole of a Sabbath day on the banks of the Jordan with a pin hook and a pawpaw pole without a nibble, which, however, never discomfited his placid and even temper. There being no churches and houses of worship then, he regarded this not only harmless, but a beautiful study of one part of the great book of Nature. The smallpox came to Springfield one time and Jacob took to the brush. After many weeks he cautiously returned and was surprised to find so many people still living.

The early Democrats of Southwest Missouri sent John S. Phelps to Congress; Burton A. James to the Senate; John W. Hancock to the Legislature; made General Nicholas R. Smith, known to the country then as "Old Skip," a major general of

militia; Charles S. Yancey, a circuit judge; Joel Haden, register of the land office, and Robert J. McElhany, postmaster. These men were the Democratic leaders in this portion of the State.

Father Haden was the organizer of the Christian Church in Southwest Missouri, and in the latter part of July of each year, one week before the election, all Christians attended the protracted meeting of Father Haden, and for many years that meeting decided the election. Father Haden aspired to the gubernatorial chair of the State in 1846, and a Democratic primary was called to meet at Forsyth, Taney County. Father Haden, Yancey and others attended to get instructions in favor of the former. The day's proceedings were a little refractory, but Haden's friends were working up things late at night, and all of the delegates came out for him except one—Stallcup. L. Y. C. T. Huddlestone, a great friend of Haden's and a member of his church, was talking it into Stallcup, what a good man Haden was; he was the smartest man, the best and the damndest wire puller in the whole Democratic party. Father Haden stepped into the hotel about then, and Huddlestone appealed to him to know if what he had said about him was not the truth. Haden patronizingly said, "Why yes, Brother Huddlestone, I am just like a jug handle." "There!" says Huddlestone to Stallcup, "I told you so." Stallcup, in the language of Brother Huddlestone, "caved," and Southwest Missouri was solid with her seven delegates for Haden in a convention of 113, and it was never broken, either up or down. This was the first defeat the Democracy of Southwest Missouri ever received, although it was always on hand with a candidate for any office in the State.

J. P. Campbell donated fifty acres to the county for its capital, and in the northeast corner made a reservation in which was an unsounded well of pure water. That well is now in the center of Water street.

In 1840, General Nicholas R. Smith kept the Union Hotel, situated on the north side of the Public Square and east of Boonville street. No man ever kept a more popular inn than Smith. The reception room of the hotel was large and comfortable in winter, and the lawn and upper piazzas the retreat in summer for the whole town. Here the hunt was organized and the fishing

parties made up, the newspapers read and politics exhaustingly discussed.

Cyrus Stark, a lawyer, in 1838, established and edited the first newspaper in Springfield, the same being called "The Ozark Standard." It was sold to Mitchell and E. D. McKinney, a lawyer and son-in-law of J. P. Campbell. It became involved financially, and under a mortgage under control of Governor Phelps was sold and purchased by Phelps, and the "Springfield Advertiser" took the place of the "Standard and Eagle." In 1840 Warren H. Graves, a brother-in-law of Governor John C. Edwards, and Livingston Edwards and Judge Patrick Edwards took charge of it and made it the most popular paper ever published in Southwest Missouri.

Governor Phelps was elected to the Legislature in 1840, defeating one Sharks. The *Lancet*, edited by Joshua Davis and John M. Richardson, was established, and afterwards the *Springfield Mirror*, the first and only Whig paper ever published in the county. James W. Boren was its editor and publisher. So many newspapers in so sparsely settled country caused confusion, bolting and independent thinkers, and parties lost to some extent control of their members; since then Springfield has been a nursery of politicians and could trot out one or a dozen athletic intellects any time to champion any question, home or foreign.

Thomas H. Benton once said of Springfield that its inhabitants were more generally posted in the affairs of government than any other forty acres of land in the United States. Stark, Mitchell, McKinney, Hubbard, Fisher, Graves, Davis, Boren, Richardson and Smith were our newspaper men from 1838 to 1860. They were assisted by Phelps, M. Boyd, Campbell, Bailey, Wilks, Haden, Cunningham, McBride, Judge Yancey, Bedford, Waddill, Price, McElhany, Claude Jones, Sheppard, Owens and Hubble.

In 1844 Governor Phelps was elected to Congress on the general ticket and for eighteen years served the district, state and county with distinguished ability and great honor and credit to himself. Among the many acts with which he was connected was the grant of land to build the 35th parallel railroad, and to him belongs the credit of running the overland mail from St. Louis to California. Phelps was out on the plains viewing the

country between this city and Albuquerque when the Postmaster General was about starting the mail. The Postmaster General was Aaron V. Brown of the State of Tennessee, and could establish the points anywhere in the Mississippi Valley and on the coast of California as starting points. Senator Trusten Polk had been sent to Washington to urge St. Louis as the point for the valley. He signally failed and on Phelps' return from the plains he heard of what was going on. Without rest he went to Washington City and after a long and angry discussion with President Buchanan, his cabinet, and the Postmaster General, succeeded in having the points made at St. Louis and Memphis, Tenn.

Leonard H. Sims was also elected to Congress from Greene County in 1844. Phelps and Sims were elected on the general State ticket. At no other time in the history of the State was two Congressmen elected from one county at the same time.

In 1846 the State was divided into five congressional districts, and each Congressman was elected from his own district.

In 1848-9 the Jackson resolutions, so-called, were denounced by Senator Benton. He appealed to the people and a minority party known as the Benton or Softs, sprung up in the State, and in many counties the Whigs and Softs miscegenated and defeated the "hordes" or the National Democratic party of the State. In 1858 the Bentons and Whigs united on Marcus Boyd and O. B. Smith for the Legislature, and Frank T. Frazier for the Senate. That was the most bitter and unrelenting canvass ever made in Greene County. Smith was a young man just from the masterly hands of John A. Stephens, a gentleman of rare culture and finished education, who founded the Springfield Academy, and he had in five years developed Smith into a strong man intellectually and a dangerous foe in the hustings. The canvass of the county was thorough and complete and Smith was the classical "Eagle of Oratory" in that canvass. He was the first man in Southwest Missouri, who, with a manly voice, advocated the equality of all men before the laws of God and man.

At an early date D. D. Berry, C. B. and J. L. Holland, James R. Danforth, Junius T. Campbell, Sheppard & Jaggard, Caleb Jones, W. B. Logan and D. Johnson & Co. occupied stores fronting on the Square. There were no business houses on any of the streets until about 1845. One John DeBruin opened a very large

assortment of goods on the Court House lot, College street and Public Square, and for years did more business than any of the other stores. The staples he would always sell at a sacrifice in order to sell his other goods at a fair profit, and his cheap store was by that means heralded throughout Southwest Missouri and Northern Arkansas. He held his customers for many years, left here, went to St. Louis, and died.

Bentley Owens, Junius Rountree, Frank Bigbee, Dr. Caldwell, Col. Pony Boyd, Ab. McGinty and S. S. Vinton were clerks in the stores then. The Court House was in the middle of the Square—two stories and a pigeon garret in height. No man ever held an office so long as did Esquire Peter Apperson, except he was a king. Elected justice of the peace in 1837, he continually presided until 1861, and believing his duties or something else demanded his immediate presence at Rolla, on the morning of the 11th of August, 1861, it being a Sunday, he precipitated in the direction of Rolla and opened his office soon thereafter, and meted out justice to soldier and civilian with a ready and bountiful hand. He was a good collector of his fees, but on one occasion he could neither fall back on plaintiff, defendant, county or state, and that was a case no law had been provided for. One D. C. Smith and James Stalling had collided and each of them received severe knife wounds. Apperson had them arrested, they demanded a jury, and were two days in getting one unbiased. By this time Smith and Stalling had made friends and each of them pleaded guilty, but the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and Esquire Apperson never did satisfy his mind about that case to the day of his death, which took place in 1864, leaving a pet dog and a gander, his only worldly possessions. There were worse men than Esquire Apperson.

In the month of August, 1837, Judge Charles S. Yancy, whilst defending himself from a felonious assault made upon his person by one Roberts, shot and killed his assailant. Yancy surrendered himself to the authorities and was discharged because the homicide was done in self-defense. In 1838 one Britt stabbed and killed one Reno, and in 1841 one Shanks shot and killed Davis. Shanks was arrested, but made his escape. These three deaths were on the Square.

General Nicholas R. Smith was receiver and General James H. McBride register in the general land office at Springfield. Lands were sold first by public outcry, and for six weeks a great crowd of people were in attendance as purchasers at the sale, and it was exceedingly tedious as every piece of money, big and little, had to be examined and counted by the receiver, and the money must be coin of the United States. One McQueen had set up a little kingdom on White river, and had supplied his neighbors with money from his mint, which was very similar to the United States coin, and passed about as current except at the land office.

The county and town from 1840 to 1850 rapidly improved, the increase in population being from 5,000 to 12,785, and by that time nearly all the arable lands were entered up by actual settlers, and the county was spotted with comfortable farms and farm houses. A rich trade opened up with the Southern States on horses and mules, prices ranging from \$150 to \$200. Apperson, Matlock, Campbell, Crenshaw, Haden, Fulbright, Weaver, Cannefax, Shackelford, Hancock, Lair, Corbin, Holland and others were drivers of horses and mules from this county. Morton Haden, Thompson, Hubble, Jones, Massey, Langston and others drove cattle to Independence and Leavenworth City and sold them at fair profits. Hogs were driven to the St. Louis market, and furs, peltries, dried fruit, beeswax, etc., etc., were freighted to Boonville.

Springfield in 1860 and 1861 was headquarters of the two antagonisms in Southwest Missouri. Douglass and Breckenridge, political parties, had perfect organizations, and were fierce and bitter, the one charging upon the other secession, and the other repelling the charge with vehemence and acrimony. Clai-born Fox Jackson was elected Governor over Sample Orr of our county, the Union candidate, so-called. The Legislature in the month of February, 1861, called a special election of delegates to a convention of the State. Littlebury Hendrick and Sample Orr were elected from this, and Robert Jemison from Webster county, as Union delegates. That short canvass caused each and every citizen to choose his flag—and from the 18th day of February, 1861, business was suspended and secret organizations formed. In May following the two opposing parties met at Springfield.

The Secession element of the people had a barbecue near the Fulbright spring. Peter S. Wilkes, Representative Hancock, Frazier and W. C. Price, Colonels Campbell and Freeman were the leading spirits of the Southern cause. Colonel Phelps, Colonel Marcus Boyd, Sample Orr, General Holland, Colonel Sheppard and Thomas J. Bailey were the leaders on the Union side. Several thousand Union men met at Colonel Phelps' farm south of town, with every kind and species of destructive weapons, organized a double regiment with Phelps as colonel, Marcus Boyd lieutenant-colonel and Sample Orr and Pony Boyd majors. Colonel Dick Campbell was sent with a flag of truce by the opposing elements to confer with Colonel Phelps about raising a flag on the Court House. Colonel Phelps agreed that the ladies might raise the State flag and he would raise above it the Stars and Stripes. This compromise prevented a deadly conflict of the two forces on that day. It, however, was only for a time, as the future terribly revealed. On that memorable day, fathers were on one side and sons on the other; estrangements, even to bitterness of hate, severed the peace and happiness of many families in Greene County. Business partners, friends and neighbors became enemies. Sigel came and Lyon came, and for a few weeks gave confidence and hope to the Unionists. Wilson Creek battle, on the 10th of August, 1861, with the death of General Lyon, blasted all repose, and Sigel, with a crippled remnant of a beaten and discouraged army, retreated from Springfield the early morn of the 11th of August towards Rolla, Missouri. A wave of refugees, black and white, old and young, longer and wider, in a solid column, than the tail of a comet, and all were on double-quick time, army march—every man for himself, and no one to this day who was in that memorable exodus will admit that he was in the rear; but each one will say that as he looked back he could see clouds of dust and moving, living panorama of humanity "on the git," with eyes opened and fixed on the east. One officer, high in authority and confidence of the Dutch commander, had no wagons or other accoutrements for his regiment. He pressed a wagon and a pair of mules and loaded it with seven barrels of whiskey and a half box of hard tack for his fragmentary regiment of five hundred men on a retreat of one hundred and fifty miles. This officer, with great presence of mind

and forecast of the future in loading his single wagon for his men, fed them and twice as many refugees most sumptuously with the choice of all the commissaries of the command for seven days, and had two barrels of whiskey left, seventeen wagons and teams, loaded with hard tack, country cured hams, sugar, coffee and molasses.

The year 1861 exceeded by far any year before or since in the products of the farms in Greene County. The inhabitants, Lyon and Sigel's army, Fremont and Hunter's army, McCullough and Price's army, were all wastefully supplied on its crops for two years, and much of it into the third year. Over \$3,000,000 of claims for quartermasters' stores and commissary supplies to the Army of the Union have been filed against the government by the people of the county for the crop of the year 1861, and no good reason to doubt the justness of any single claim, all of which will be liquidated by the government in time.

In July, 1861, L. A. D. Crenshaw, Dr. E. T. Robberson and S. H. Boyd, ardent Unionists, conceived the idea that unless Southwest Missouri received immediate relief from the government the Union element would fall into the hands of Claib Jackson's forces, and they determined on going to St. Louis and impressing upon the Union men of St. Louis the necessity of holding Southwest Missouri secure; and one evening on horseback the three started for Rolla. Dr. Robberson was acquainted with every path and road in the county and could travel them in the night as well as he could in the daytime. Each one was riding a gray horse, and after dark they were traveling in a narrow pathway through the woods east of Springfield, Dr. Robberson in the lead. They passed men—crowds of men, until after midnight, horseback and on foot, and not a word was said, spoken or passed between them. The town of Rolla was filled up with excited men, and all rebels. No train had been to Rolla for three days. They got W. H. Graves of the firm of Graves & Faulkner to hire them a hack to get out of the town and to St. James. They had gone but four miles and discovered a large train of cars just moving up the Dillon grade of the road. It was Sigel and his regiment of Dutch on their way to Springfield.

Very soon they met Sigel and he learned the situation at Rolla, and gave orders to surround the town; and with about

one-half of his regiment, newly uniformed, with bright, bristling muskets, moved through the woods onto the town. Some 300 or 400 men had gathered in the town and many were boasting of how easy it would be for them to whip all the Dutch in St. Louis. Faulkner & Graves' large commission house was crowded with men, and one old fellow who was spokesman was hoping the Dutch would come so he could go for them. While he was thus talking some one came into the room and said, "By G—d, the Dutch are here now upon us!" The old man and all the others stepped out on the platform, and looking down the road sure enough saw through the opening woods about 400 yards distant the bristling soldiery moving down upon them. Not a word was spoken, not an order was given, but the sight was enough, and no fixed opinion of any 400 men was as quickly changed. The old man turned pale and with one bound cleared the railroad track and down the track he ran as never civilian ran before—all his courageous comrades following their gallant leader. After running about a mile they were pressing through a deep cut in the road about a quarter of a mile in length. As the old man and his men were about passing out the west end of the cut, thinking he was safe for a while, to his astonishment 100 or more of those same Dutch raised up out of the brush on the side of the road, and bringing down their bayonetted muskets on the old man and his company, said, "Halt, dare! Vot d—n velers is you anyhow?" It is needless to say the old man and his entire company then and there surrendered, body and soul and all their possessions then present and in expectancy to the men who fight "mit Siegel."

The extended and growing commerce with Greene County, through its chief city, Springfield, enjoys, is largely owing to its advantage of location and extent of arable land. The power behind the throne—the agricultural wealth of the county—encouraged and sustained the city until it was enabled to lay aside its swaddling clothes and boldly take possession of the key to the commerce of the great Southwest, which it holds today more confidently than ever before.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, our city contained about 2,000 inhabitants, and although not larger than many of the seats of surrounding counties, today, it was then as now, the

most prosperous and important town in a commercial point of view in Southwest Missouri. The merchants and traders of those days were enterprising and their mantle has fallen upon their successors, and they have kept in the van, and by their shrewd and capable management of private and public affairs not only placed Springfield in the advance among the inland towns of Missouri, but constantly urged its growth and influence to the utmost limit. The war summarily checked this happy progress. Neighbors found themselves arrayed suddenly one against the other; the energy which had characterized our people was none the less apparent now that it had turned from the channels of industry into those of strife, and the great highways elading from our city to the north, south, east and west, which were wont to respond with the cheery greetings of the hundreds of wagoners, who were the patient and plodding means of social and business intercourse, were filled with the advancing or retreating forces of Federal or Confederate. Springfield was from a military, as it had been from a commercial view, a strategic point, and its possession throughout the war was bitterly contended for. During the entire struggle it was held as a base of supplies and operations by one or other of the contending armies, and not until peace had been fully declared and effectually accomplished was an attempt made towards repairing the enormous waste of property and vitality incident to that terrible five years' storm.

But such was the spirit of our then stricken and shattered little city that no sooner did the sun of peace once more send forth its genial rays and assert the brotherhood of man, than she threw off the weeds of woe and at once set about to rebuild the waste places. Soldiers, whom the chances of war had assigned to this locality, returned to their homes with marvelous stories of its wondrous charms, and about the year 1866 a tide of immigration set in from the four points of the compass, which continued uninterrupted until 1870. Every stage from the north and east was loaded to the guards with those who had left their homes with the intention of making an abode with us. As a consequence money was plentiful, business houses multiplied and property advanced to a fictitious valuation—all of which tended to a suicidal extravagance in the matter of building not warranted by the class of immigrants received. The town soon out-

grew the country tributary to its local trade, and about the year 1873, shortly after the completion of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, a reaction occurred from which it took several years to recover. The mushroom population whose presence added to value only in numbers, disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and while in itself detracted nothing from our real status, it had a disheartening effect, which told unhappily for us upon values.

But all this, like the lopping off of superfluous limbs from a healthy tree, was, altogether, beneficial. While the city was at a standstill, the county as a whole was making rapid improvements. Enterprising, intelligent farmers filled the vacancy in our population caused by the fleeing idlers from town. Under their careful and experienced supervision the rich lands throughout the county which had hidden talents, were made to equalize the ruinous differences heretofore existing between town and country, and the result was soon visible in an improved condition of affairs. From that date our growth has been substantial, never wavering or at a standstill, until we have a population of 40,000 in the city, and nearly as many more in the county.

During all this time through seasons of business prosperity or depression, the energetic merchants of Springfield have constantly maintained and increased its commerce to meet the continuous demands upon our enterprise, and to facilitate trade. The old landmarks in business portions of the city have one by one given way to stately and commodious structures. Capital has been freely invested in valuable public improvements until today, in point of commercial importance, solidity, attractiveness and population, Springfield ranks among the most ambitious cities of our State. What is known as the "Arkansas trade" has, and with proper attention, always will be, an item of importance to the wholesale merchants of Springfield. This territory embraces the leading towns, and crossroads, places of business in Northern Arkansas, this side of the Boston Mountains. It now amounts to many millions per annum and is being yearly increased.

The wholesale trade of Springfield is not, however, confined to adjacent counties in Missouri and the section of Arkansas just mentioned, but has lately been pushed into Kansas, Oklahoma

and Texas. Our ambitious merchants and dealers in their zeal, having the temerity to jostle the far-reaching business firms of Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago that operate in this latter named trade territory.

It will not be out of place to give in this connection a few facts relative to the wholesale business, that an adequate idea may be formed of its importance. Some of our mercantile firms last year sold from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each. Several others made sales reaching from \$150,000 to \$250,000. In addition to this there are several other houses jobbing in a smaller way in connection with their retail business.

Our manufacturing establishments, although creditable in point of number and efficiency, by no means occupy the field. The enormous extent of territory tributary, its advantages of location, and the ever increasing demand for the multiplicity of articles that at present are in many instances shipped hundreds of miles at great expense, and then re-shipped from this point, convinces one who gives the subject proper attention, that Springfield must become a manufacturing center of unusual importance. Those now in operation, although inaugurated at a time so unfavorable as to cause a struggle for existence, have outgrown their difficulties and prospered.

Springfield's first bank was a branch of the Missouri State Bank, located here in 1846, where the National Exchange Bank is now located. D. D. Berry was its president and James R. Danforth its cashier. It was well conducted and very popular. Our banking facilities have grown rapidly during the last two decades; deposits have increased from \$500,000 to more than \$5,000,000. The fact that the money fright has passed by without leaving a scar, is sufficient evidence of their soundness and careful management.

Last but not least, we want to thank New York and Boston capitalists for building us a railroad from St. Louis to Springfield in 1870. Especially, Andrew Peirce, Jr., and Francis B. Hayes, who made it possible for a farmer to get the freight reduced from \$25.00 to \$5.00 on reapers, and buy a barrel of salt for \$1.50 that once cost \$10.00, and everything else in proportion.

Abuse them as we have; curse them as we may. Southwest Missouri owes a debt of gratitude and thanks to those noble men, bigger than Ozarks.

CAPT. MARTIN J. HUBBLE

I had in mind to make for this occasion a list of ten men who had done most in the early days to make it possible for their successors to build our beautiful city.

It can't be done with ten, so we will write of the deeds of our ancestors at our next dinner when we will have narrations of their upbuilding in the early days and personal reminiscences illustrating the forcefulness of the "Fathers in Israel."

As all of my lists include Col. John P. Campbell, William Fulbright, Joseph Rountree and Rev. Joel H. Hayden, and from there on diverge, it is safe to say that those four must be in any list and I can talk about them.

The best life and epitome of the things accomplished by John Polk Campbell that I have ever seen is on page 451 of "Doniphan's Expedition and the Conquest of New Mexico and California," by William Elsey Connelley, written by Mrs. Rush Owen, the only surviving child of Col. John P. Campbell, and which is as follows:

"My father, John Polk Campbell, was born in Mecklinburg County, North Carolina, in 1804. He was the third son of John Campbell, whose ancestors moved to North Carolina from the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, and Matilda Golden Polk, daughter of Ezekiel Polk, that delightful old optimist, known as 'Old Zeke Polk, the Tory,' who was brother to old Tam Polk, who declared independence long before anybody else did. Ezekiel Polk was a great-grandson of Robert Pollock (the original form of the name), who abandoned his estate in the barony of Roos, County Donegal, Ireland, and settled on the eastern shore in Maryland and gave to America one of its most distinguished families. Ezekiel Polk was captured at the battle of Guilford Court House, and confined on board a prison ship in Charleston harbor. After many months, he, with many others, was given the choice of transportation or taking the oath of allegiance. He

took the oath and never violated it. He was the grandfather of James Knox Polk, eleventh President of the United States, whose administration made more history than that of any other President except those of Washington, Lincoln and McKinley.

“John Campbell, father of John Polk Campbell, was lost during the war of 1812, and his fate remains a mystery to his descendants. His wife was left with ten children, a farm on Carter’s Creek, Maury County, Tennessee, several slaves and a debt of one hundred and seventy-six dollars. She often described herself as wild with grief, but the duties of everyday life pressed too heavily upon her to allow inactivity. After long months of uncertainty she called the children together and said: ‘This debt must be paid if we have to live on yellow cornmeal mush and buttermilk.’ Wages then were twenty-five cents a day, and usually paid in produce. In after years her children laughingly declared they did so live. It has encouraged many of her descendants in times of sadness and depression to renewed efforts and ultimate success.

“In the autumn of 1828 John Polk Campbell and his elder brother, E. M. Campbell, visited their Grandfather Polk in the Western District of Tennessee, and their Uncle William Polk, of Walnut Bend, Arkansas, father of Olivia Polk, who was the wife of D. D. Berry, one of the first merchants of Springfield, Missouri. On this trip to the West they visited Van Buren, Arkansas, and Southwestern Missouri, camping on the fine prairie where John P. Campbell afterwards located the town of Springfield. Upon their return home they made immediate preparation to move to the Ozark country of Missouri. The first party consisted of John P. Campbell, his wife, baby daughter, and several slaves, and his friends, Joseph Rountree and Joseph Miller, with their families. They were followed by many families, and John P. Campbell built and vacated successively thirteen log cabins in one year to accommodate his friends. He founded the city of Springfield, giving for a townsite fifty-three acres of land. He engaged in the trade with Northern Mexico and with Texas. He spent much of his time on the plains, which he crossed and recrossed many times. He was employed to lay out a road from the Texas settlements to Chihuahua, and was to receive a grant of land for this service, but it was never given

him, although the road was completed. He aided Colonel Doniphan and fought in the battle of Sacramento. He brought home with him several Mexican flags and two beautiful blankets; also a solid silver bell which was given him by a Mexican officer, who was seriously wounded and whom my father saved from being trampled to death on the field of Sacramento. Father reached the Texas frontier in a starving condition after leaving Colonel Doniphan, having been continually pursued and harassed by hostile Indians. He was finally rescued by a Kickapoo Indian, whom he had many years before saved from freezing to death, but who had killed a Delaware Indian and fled to the wild western tribes. He recognized my father instantly, furnished him and his party with food, and guided them safely to the Texas frontier settlements. In the hardships of this trip he contracted scurvy, from which he never recovered, and from the effects of which he died May 28, 1851.

“My father was a man of enterprise and great self-reliance. At the age of thirteen he walked from Maury County, Tennessee, to Mecklenburg, North Carolina, that he might attend school and get some education. He lived some years in the family of General Nathaniel Greene, and attended school. He was a great admirer of General Greene, and caused Greene County, Missouri, to be named in his honor. He was a student as long as he lived. In Missouri in his day books were scarce and high-priced, but he gathered a quite large library, which was free to his neighbors and which gave many of the citizens of Springfield their first opportunity for general reading in their younger days. After the battle of Wilson Creek most of his books were scattered and lost.

“My father was six feet two inches in height, fair, with light brown hair that curled, and eyes that were keen and piercing when he was aroused, but usually open and mirthful. He and his brother William were sweet singers, with that remarkable timbre heard rarely even in the Cumberland and Ozark mountains, but nowhere else on earth. To hear it once even is a joy forever. I have heard them sing—heard the music of their voices drifting over the moonlit prairies—have stood between them with my arms about each as they sang, breathless with ecstasy. My Uncle

William's favorite author was Thomas Moore, but my father preferred the writings of Robert Burns to all others.

"John Polk Campbell was married August 28, 1827, near Spring Hill, Maury County, Tennessee, to Louisa Terrell Cheairs, the daughter of a French Huguenot."

Joseph Rountree I knew well. A kindly, sturdy old man, whose sons and daughters were a credit to the country. He was Judge of our County Court and there was no talk of "graft or loot."

I also knew Joel H. Hayden. He organized the Christian Church in the city, preached at first in the Court House in the center of the Public Square. Was over 6 feet high, portly, but not obese, and was one of the finest specimens of manhood I have ever seen.

He was a candidate for Governor once, but was beaten by a "scratch." He was one of the officers of the land office, but never again offered for public office. He was a splendid "speaker" and a "born orator."

The first child born in Springfield was Mary Frances Campbell, January 29, 1831, daughter of Col. John Campbell, sister of Mrs. Rush Owen, and the first male child born in the present city was Harvey Fulbright, son of John Fulbright, and father of Dr. Fulbright, now living here.

"Uncle Billy" Fulbright made the first crop in 1829 on his claim south of College and west of Market streets, and had the corn, oats and wheat to support the newcomers. My informant says he was "big bodied, big brained and big hearted," a tireless worker and ALL who stayed around had to work. He raised a big family of sons, eight, I think, all good citizens.

The fight for the county seat was at first a three-cornered one between Col. Campbell, Maj. D. D. Berry and Finley Danforth, who wanted it at the Danforth Springs, six miles east; Maj. Berry wanted it at the Gum Springs, two miles southeast, and Col. Campbell where it is. Maj. Berry feared that Danforth would win in a three-cornered fight so joined forces with Col. Campbell and Col. Campbell won.

There was an Indian trader, named Wilson, who was here with the Delaware Indians when the whites came. He put up a

tent on the south side of the Public Square, where the west room of the McDaniel Bank now is. Everybody in the country was invited in to vote their choice of a name for the county seat.

Wilson (after whom the present Wilson Creek is named) had a jug of white whiskey, and as fast as the people came in he took them over to his tent and said: "I am going to live here and I was born and raised in a beautiful town in Massachusetts named Springfield, and it would gratify me very much if you would go over and vote to name this county seat after my native town." Then he produced the jug and told the voter to help himself, which he did, and of course went and voted to name the town Springfield. My informant, Capt. Lucius A. Rountree, told me this story many years ago, and three years ago he told it to me again, always closing by saying, "I was 17 years old and was 'much of a man'", and all of you know he was. There is no doubt that this story is true.

Mr. Brown has given the population of the town in June, 1853, as 316. In June, 1856, a census was taken for a private purpose and there were all told 723 people in the town.

When the "Overland Mail" to California was known to be a certainty, a gentleman conceived the idea of a telegraph line to follow the route of the stage. When he came to Springfield, to get help to build it, he made the point that Springfield would be in the newspapers every day to record the passage, one way or the other, of the "Overland Stage." I saw the point and took one hundred dollars' worth of stock in the enterprise. We did get on the map, and few things were done to advertise the city more than it did. The line was practically destroyed at the beginning of the war, and a year or so after the war had been going on I met the man in St. Louis who had taken my subscription and money and he asked me if I still had my stock. I told him, "Yes." He asked if I wanted to sell it. I was amazed because I had never expected to get anything for it, and now that the line was torn down, I concluded he was sarcastic and said, "Yes, of course, but the wire is all gone and many of the poles and 'want' is all I would get."

He looked at me a little bit and said: "Hubble, you were the first subscriber I got in Springfield and I see I could buy that stock for a song, but remembering how good I felt when I got

your subscription, I am going to give you a 'pointer.' You can get \$..... for that stock, but I must not figure in the matter. Where are you stopping?" I told him and that night a stranger set up his name to my room at the hotel and I went down and he said he understood I had a share of the stock in the Telephone line (I forget its name). I told him I had and he went on to tell me how it was destroyed and the Government was going to build a line for its own use to Springfield, but that they were going to wind up the old company and that he understood that because I was the first in Springfield I was guaranteed against loss and he would give me my money back if I would transfer the stock to him, and he talked largely about the loss the war had caused the company.

I listened and when he stopped I told him it was not much and I would keep the stock to show my children that I had been a progressive citizen in Springfield. To cut the story short—he offered me and I accepted so much money for that stock that I don't care to tell the amount. What the new company that was formed wanted or done with my stock, I don't know. So I write this as a curious reminiscence of old days in our beloved city.

TOLD AT THE DINNER OF 1908

Among the prominent settlers of the early 30s, that we did not mention at our last dinner, none were more prominent than D. Bird Miller (after whom the Miller Spring, which is west of Grant street and south of Scott street, was named), who came here with Col. Campbell, and his brother, Joseph Miller, who was one of the kindest old gentlemen and best raconteurs I have ever known, both Tennesseans, big of bone, body and mind.

William Anderson was one of the first settlers and was our first nurseryman. He had a large family of sons and daughters and, like him, they were the "salt of the earth." He lived south of the city five miles.

Hon. Marcus Boyd, several times a representative in the Legislature, settled three miles east of town and raised a large family of children. He was Grand Master of Masons for the State and colonel of the Eighty-third Missouri regiment, and a

man of sterling character and a big brain. One of his sons, Col. S. H. Boyd, was colonel of the Twenty-fourth Missouri Volunteers and member of Congress from this district and minister to Siam. Another was Secretary of State for many years and member of Congress from Alabama, and another, Dr. Erastus, I think, was the most eloquent orator I ever heard. His youngest daughter, Lula, married Col. Dan C. Kennedy, founder of the "Springfield Leader," and Robert Kennedy, one of the present editors, is son and grandson.

Hon. William C. Price and John H. Price settled on James River, east of town, and William C. was Judge of our Circuit Court and Treasurer of the United States under Buchanan's administration. He lived to be an old man, dying in Chicago two years ago. John H. was a colonel in the Confederate service.

Among the most active and forceful of our early settlers was Judge James H. Blakey, who settled what is now known as the McDaniel farm. He was from Kentucky and raised a large family of boys.

Dr. Sanders settled at what is now known as the Berry Spring. I don't know where he went when he left here. Judge Henry Fulbright married his daughter.

Solomon H. Owen settled four miles north of the city. He had a large family, one of whom intermarried with Capt. A. M. Julian, one of the kindest hearted old men I ever knew.

Judge James Dollison came with "Uncle" Neddy Thompson in 1831. They were brothers-in-law. He was County Judge for years and when I knew him lived four miles south of town on the old "wire road." He used to tell a story on a doctor who stood high and had a large practice, and was noted for his fondness for "roasting ears." The story was that the doctor rode up to the judge's house at noon and said: "Give my horse fifteen roasting ears and me sixteen."

Benjamin and Chesley Cannefax were brothers and settled about four miles southwest of town. Chesley Cannefax was our first sheriff, a mighty good man. They were from Kentucky. Ralph Ott, the artist, is his grandson.

Dr. Edwin T. Robberson was raised on the Robberson Prairie, ten miles north of town, where his father had settled in the early 30s. After graduating from a medical college, he began

practice in Springfield and was a determined and decided Union man at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was one of the three men who went to Rolla to urge the advance of the Union troops to Springfield from that place. He was assistant surgeon during the war. He was always active and his death was sincerely regretted by all the old settlers, among whom he had hosts of friends, because of his many actions of kindness. He left a large family which still stands high with all who know them.

William Townsend settled about three miles southwest of town and raised a large family. He was the very best kind of a citizen and many of his descendants still live here and keep up the good name.

Horace Snow settled about four miles northeast and was an enterprising citizen, raised a large family, and died regretted by all who knew him.

Joseph and Resin P. Haden were early settlers. R. P. settled and entered the "Hooper" farm, two miles east of town, about which the courts are now "wrestling."

Gen. Nicholas R. Smith, was an early settler, about three miles north of town. He entered land and made a home. Afterward he moved to town and kept a hotel at the northeast corner of Boonville street and the square. Board was \$1.50 per week in 1856. He raised a large family of sons and daughters. The most prominent and forceful of then was Hon. Oscar Benton Smith, who, with Col. Marcus Boyd, represented this county in the Lower House in 1859 and 1860, and was afterwards a soldier in the Confederate Army and Judge of our County Court for many years.

Anderson Hampton came in the early 30s and settled on Wilson Creek about six miles southwest. He was a good citizen and left many descendants, all good citizens.

Maj. Joseph Weaver came to Greene County in the early 30s from North Carolina. He settled one and a half miles west of the city and sold to Mr. Shook and settled four miles northwest, where he died of the cholera. He was our first Senator. He left a large family of sons and daughters, only two of whom are now living, Mrs. J. L. Carson and Mrs. D. L. Fulbright of Double Springs, Arkansas. I never knew Maj. Weaver, but did know all of his children, and I will never forget what an old friend told

me when he found out my brother was going to marry one of his granddaughters, "that the Weaver women made the best wives in the world."

Judge Charles S. Yancey, who succeeded Foster P. Wright, who succeeded Charles H. Allen (Horse Allen) on our Circuit Bench, came in the early '30s. The family were of Virginia origin. He settled out in the country north of town (near the corner of Broad and Commercial streets) and died there, previous to 1860. He was tall and dark and a gentleman of the old school. There were few appeals from his decisions on the bench.

One of the most forceful men I have ever known was Lewis Allen Dickon Crenshaw, who came in the late '30s, and settled on the Kickapoo Prairie, four miles south of town. He came from Nashville, Tennessee, but was of the old Virginia stock of Crenshaws and Dickons. He was "small and wiry," seemed to never tire if he could get to sleep from 2 till 8, but was fresh and good natured all the balance of the twenty-four hours, and was the best husband I have ever known. He was one of the three who started to St. Louis to get troops after the "Goose Pond Rally" and met Sigel and the Third Missouri and part of the Fifth at Rolla, coming out. Intensely loyal, although a large slaveholder, he never faltered while the Confederacy was in arms, but the day they laid down their arms he began to do just as earnestly his utmost to "heal the wounds" the awful strife had made. He was one of the three men I have known who did not understand personal fear, and yet he was gentle as a child to the injured and innocent. All of you knew him and I know you will join with me today in hoping and believing that our Heavenly Father, not forgetting the frailties of man, has taken him from the grave of transgression to the land of the just, made perfect to shine as the stars forever and ever.

Capt. James Massey came to Greene County in the early 30s and settled four miles east of town. He was born in Ireland, landed in South Carolina, moved to Tennessee, where he served in the war of 1812, and from there to this county. He raised a large family of sons and daughters and died at the close of the war. He was intensely Union, although a slaveholder. So were all of his descendants except one, who lost a leg in the Confeder-

ate Army. His children and grandchildren all made good citizens.

Gen. Joseph Powell was born in North Carolina, married Jane Massey in Tennessee and came to Missouri with Capt. Massey. He died in 1846, leaving four children. He was in command of the troops at the expected uprising of the Sac and Fox Indians. The first frame dwelling in Greene County was built for him by Garland Shackelford (who died one year ago at the age of 97), two and one-half miles east of the Public Square. The lumber was sawed by two negro men belonging to Capt. Massey with a whip saw. A part of the old house is still standing and one of the windows of 8x10 glass, 12 panes to each half, is still in the house. I suppose the oldest part of a house now identified, without doubt, in the country.

Thomas and Boyd Edmonson came in the early 30s and settled five miles northeast of town. They were both good citizens and left families.

Jonathan Carthel came to Greene County in 1833, I think. He was born in Alabama. His father was Josiah Carthel of Snow Hill, Maryland. He was of Scotch ancestry. His great-grandmother was Keren Happuck Turner, the only woman of the Revolutionary War to whom a monument has been erected. It is at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and in commemoration of her great services as a nurse after the battle of Guilford Court House. She had a son and grandson wounded in that battle, and rode horseback from Snow Hill, Maryland, to Guilford to nurse her sons, and while doing so nursed and directed others how to nurse the other wounded. In the National Cemetery at Guilford Court House the monument may be seen. Mr. Carthel was 6 feet 6 inches high, a born orator and a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He had several children, all of whom except Mrs. Sophronia Denton are now dead. He settled six miles southeast of the city.

Bennett Robberson, Hosea Mullings and Joseph Evans settled in the Robberson Prairie, ten miles north of town. They were splendid citizens and each raised a large family. Many of their descendants are living in the county now and are first class citizens. Gen. Hosea G. Mullings, son of Hosea, Sr., has repre-

sented this county in the Legislature several times and was the best parliamentarian I ever saw in a legislative body.

Dr. Thomas J. Bailey came in the late 30s and opened a farm, the southeast corner of Center and Jefferson streets. He was a Kentuckian, a large slaveholder and a wealthy man. He was intensely Union at the breaking out of the late war and subscribed liberally to all funds for the Union side. The splendid monument to Lyon in the National Cemetery was erected by his administrator, Hon. J. W. D. L. F. Mack, under the terms of his will. He was witty and loved a good joke. Being my wife's guardian, I had to ask him for her, and he sighed, spit and looked so serious I thought he was going to refuse, and I like to had a fit, until he said "I could have her if I would make all the children vote the Whig ticket," and after the ceremony he wished us a long life and happiness and many children who would vote the Whig ticket.

One of our earliest merchants was John D. DeBruin. His store was on the lot at the corner of College street and the square where the Court House now stands. He was a splendid business man and made a comfortable fortune for those days and moved to St. Louis. He lived in a log house, one and one-half stories high, on Walnut street just east of the seed store.

Dr. William Shackelford was born in Kentucky and came in the 30s and lived at the corner of Campbell and Walnut streets. He was a fine gentleman and physician. He was father of Mrs. J. M. Wood, Mrs. Rountree and Mrs. Lack.

Samuel S. Vinton was born in the city of Baltimore. He was a nephew of Maj. D. D. Berry and came here at an early date and was a clerk in the store of Maj. Berry and finally became a partner. He married a daughter of E. M. Campbell of Polk County and entered business for himself. He was a splendid business man and very energetic and left sons and daughters who are among the best citizens of our present day. His brother, Robert A. Vinton, came afterwards and lost his life on the plains some time in the latter 50s.

John S. Waddill came here from Tennessee in 1836. He was born in 1805, and died in 1880. He married Sarah Kellogg, one of the best women that ever lived, who died in 1907. He settled the present home of the family just east of the Government

building. He was one of our most prominent lawyers for years, also Judge of the Circuit Court. He was one of the few who always wore a silk hat and walked with a gold-headed cane. The "Mary S. Boyd" School is named for his oldest daughter. The oldest son, John B., was a good soldier, and rose to the rank of major and adjutant general, young as he was. His second son, James R. Waddill, represented his district in Congress and is now practicing law in New Mexico. The youngest son is now in business on Boonville street.

One of the most active and useful men who lived in the county was Charles Anthony Haden, son of Joel Haden, about whom we talked at our last dinner. He was born in Kentucky in 1812 and died in 1905. He came to Springfield in 1836, when the land office was opened, and was the first clerk. He married a daughter of Maj. Joseph Weaver, who bore him eight children. She died in 1859 and although Mr. Haden lived forty-six years he never thought of marrying again. He was a strong, vigorous man up to within three years of his death, riding horseback from the farm he settled on when he first married, six miles south of town. He was one of the firm of Haden, Hancock & Co. and Haden, Jones & Co., large stock dealers, also was one of the largest stockholders and organizers of the large tobacco factory operated here prior to 1860 under the name of Caynor, Henslee & Co. His oldest daughter married Judge John Yount Fulbright and they are today the oldest living couple who were born and married in Greene County and now living here.

The man who did more than any other to give prominence was Hon. John Smith Phelps. He was born and raised in Connecticut and I think came to Springfield in 1835. He was a lawyer, but settled south of town where he acquired by purchase and entry 1,100 acres of the beautiful Kickapoo Prairie. He represented this county in the Legislature and Congress for twenty years and the last ten years he was as influential as any member of the body. To him we owe the "Overland Stage" and the Frisco railroad. He was colonel of a Missouri regiment of U. S. volunteers and was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, was appointed Military Governor of Arkansas and afterwards was elected Governor of Missouri. He only lacked one vote of being

nominated for Vice-President in 1864. He was over 6 feet high and straight as an arrow. He had a wonderful capacity for work and was a good lawyer. He is buried in Hazelwood Cemetery.

WRITTEN BY MAJ. D. DORSEY BERRY, JR.

My father, Maj. Daniel D. Berry, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in July, 1805, and was brought up and educated there. When he was about 21 years old he, having the spirit of the pioneer in his make-up, "came west," and first stopped at Bolivar, West Tennessee, where he spent five or six years, and while there married my mother, who was Miss Olivia M. Polk. He then moved further west and came to Greene County and settled where the Country Club now is. This was in 1832. In 1836 a county seat was to be selected and three places were contesting for the site, each offering to donate land for the location. One was at the Danforth Spring, six miles east of here, on ground owned by Finley Danforth; another two miles southeast and owned by Daniel D. Berry, and the other on the present site on ground owned by John P. Campbell. My father and J. P. Campbell, fearing a divided interest so near each other would result in the selection of the Danforth place, concluded to unite their forces and agreed on the present site, which was carried. My father then moved to the new county seat and went into merchandising where Holland's Bank is now. He afterwards formed a partnership with his nephew, Benjamin Snyder, and afterwards with a Mr. Sterling Allen, and then with S. S. Vinton, and after this with J. S. Moss, which continued up to the "war."

My father was never a politician, but was in 1833, as shown by old records, a justice of the peace, and some years after this was county treasurer and was the first treasurer to make an itemized settlement with the County Court. It may seem that I am giving a biography of my father instead of writing a history of Greene County, but the history of one is almost the history of the other, as he was so prominently connected with the early history that it would be difficult to disassociate them. He died in Memphis, Tennessee, in October, 1862, and is now buried in Hazelwood Cemetery. He was the father of twelve children, ten of whom arrived at maturity and survived him.

It was mainly through his efforts the branch of the State Bank was established here and he was its first president, and because it gave the settlers a chance to get the money to enter their land and energetic men to borrow money to trade, it was a great factor in putting Springfield to the front.

WRITTEN BY HIS GRANDSON, CAPT. HARRY DURST

Capt. Alfred H. Julian was born August 7, 1813, in Knox County, Tennessee, and was the son of John and Lucretia Julian, who were natives of North Carolina and England respectively. The Julian family is of French origin and settled in America during the seventeenth century in South Carolina. John Julian, father of the subject, was a representative man of his county in North Carolina, and took a prominent part in all matter of moment. The mother was of Scotch descent and her ancestors came to America at a date antedating the Revolutionary War and some of them took a prominent part in that struggle. The Julian family resided for many years in North Carolina and Virginia, but finally came to Tennessee, where the subject of this sketch was born, and where his parents passed the closing scenes of their lives.

The early life of Capt. Julian was spent in Tennessee, the earlier part of which he spent in farming, after which he learned the trade of machinist when but a boy. After following this till 1836, he served for two years in the Florida-Seminole War in Company Thirteen as orderly sargeant, his captain being Jacob Peck. He was mustered out in 1838 at Fort Cass. He immediately started for Springfield, Missouri, and arrived here during that year. For a short time afterwards he engaged in a little wool carding business on Boonville street near the Jordan. He had a very limited education, but was a great reader and studied and procured every book of worth that he was able to, always thoroughly mastering one before beginning upon another. In this way he gave himself a general education, after which he studied law and was admitted to the Springfield bar in the very early days. He married Susan Owen, daughter of Solomon H. Owen, who was a very prominent citizen, living just north of Springfield.

Capt. Julian, while not a member of any church, assisted with his money and influence in building every old church in the city of Springfield. His religion was honesty and charity. He was also commissioner captain in 1846 of the First Regiment Infantry, Missouri Volunteers, in the war with Mexico. While a very staunch Democrat, he was also a strong Union man, and during the Civil War was connected with the Union army, and being very familiar with this part of the country, he was of great value as a guide. Died July 26, 1899.

There are many more that came in the early 30s about whom I don't know enough to write, except that they were good citizens, none better. Thomas McCain, the Whitlocks, Dysarts, Cotners, Edmonson and many others.

I have not mentioned any names that I think came here after 1840. About that time the county began to increase in population, much faster than it had. The "restless ones" went further west and the solid citizens had been here long enough to know the natural advantages of the county and they wrote back home to friends and "friends" began to move in and settle up the country wherever there was a spring. At our next meeting we will have personal anecdotes, reminiscences, etc., of the old times, so their successors may know something of the social life of their predecessors.

TOLD AT THE DINNER OF 1909

Gentlemen: I think that this is a good time to go back to "life's morning march," "when our bosoms were young," and pay a tribute to the men who made it possible for Springfield to be the beautiful and progressive city it is.

All successful builders, whether of city, state or nation, must lay the foundation of their creation on solid as well as broad foundations.

That the men who laid out and founded Springfield did this, time has proven. Therefore this day we render them our meed of praise.

We have already recited at a former meeting who founded and named the city. Let us today put on record the man who built the first house within the present city limits, but which was

then outside of the limits prescribed by the deed of gift by Col. John P. Campbell. His name was William Fulbright. He built a log cabin at a spring, known as the "Fulbright Spring," a little way west of the present Gulf shops, or near where Fulbright street crosses the railroad tracks. This is absolutely correct. Mr. Fulbright moved here from Gasconade River, and had been told of the beautiful country by Col. John P. Campbell as he returned to Tennessee after having seen this country and he got here before Col. Campbell could go to Tennessee and return.

John Lair, the "village blacksmith," who shod the mules and horses and made the plows and wagons used by our "fathers" was a kindly, far-sighted man. I have seen as many as six fires going at one time in his shop, northwest corner St. Louis and Jefferson streets. This is a good time to tell the story he told me, of how Jefferson street came to bend to the east south of Walnut street. He said the surveyor was at the corner of Walnut and Jefferson streets and the man with the flag went on out in the prairie on the high ground and yelled back to know where to stick his flag, and knowing he was outside of the land deeded to the city, the surveyor said: "Stick it down anywhere. There will never be a street there anyhow." After the war Mr. Lair moved to Boone County, Arkansas. He was a first-class empire builder.

They had able coadjutors in Gen. C. B. Holland, Col. Henry Sheppard, Dr. G. P. Shackelford, Maj. Joseph Weaver, Dr. T. J. Bailey, Gen. N. R. Smith, Judge John S. Waddell, Mr. DeBruin, Judge Charles H. Yancey, William McAdams, Maj. R. J. McElhaney, John S. Kimbrough, Wilson Hackney, W. B. Logan, Judge Littleberry Hendricks, Capt. John S. Bigbee, William C. Price (once treasurer of the United States), James R. Danforth, the brothers John and Henry Chenowith, Capt. A. M. Julian, Charles Carleton and others whose names do not occur to me as "I call the roll."

These men all believed that in time we would have a large city here, and planned accordingly. Our Mr. Wilson told at a former meeting how we got the "Overland Mail." It was as big a thing for a thousand people as the "New Shops" and "Pythian Home" is today for forty thousand. To get it we had to bring

a member of Congress from New Mexico and send him to Washington, D. C., but we did it.

When a stranger came here, if he looked honest, he was welcomed and everyone showed him every courtesy.

It looked to me when I first came here that everybody in the county came to town on Saturday and the two and three-foot boards, shingles, siding, dimensions lumber, leather, beeswax and cedar posts that were "bartered" that day was to me as good as a circus. Everybody that wanted it got credit and all accounts were settled January 1st after purchase, and so far as I know only one man ran off without paying his debts prior to January, 1860. What a record! I bought the acre of ground on a part of which we sit for \$125.00, but was not to have possession until the owner gathered his corn. There was no writing to bind either of us. I could not do that now, but David L. Fulbright is dead. If he were here I would do it again.

We had some boisterous characters here, but they fought with their fists and the "best man" won. A story told me long ago always brings a smile when I think of it. I will not put the real names in print, but tell you if you don't know. A man we will call Jemima said publicly that no man could be sheriff of Greene County, Missouri, unless he was a "better man" than he (Jemima) was, so when he came to town one Friday for a two days' good time he was told that (we will call him colonel) was a candidate. Now the colonel was a quiet, orderly man, but mighty handy with his fists and everybody knew it, so the teasing Jemima got was rather annoying. But he got worked up by Saturday morning and started out to the colonel's home to lick him. He met the colonel on the way to town and told what he was going to do to him. The colonel tried to avoid a fight, but it was no use. Jemima grabbed his leg and was going to put him off of his horse, so the colonel told him to wait and he would get down. They hitched their horses, pulled off their coats and went at it, and the colonel gave Jemima an awful mauling before he would holler "'nuff." After the fight they walked to the branch, washed and put on their coats and came to town, the best of friends. Needless to say the colonel was elected as he was afterwards to the Legislature. Manly sports, such as three jumps,

jumping the pole and foot races occurred at almost all gatherings of the people.

Hon. and Capt. Lucius A. Rountree, familiarly known as "Old Red" (most all of the old settlers had nicknames), Judge Yancey was "Muck," Ben Cannefax "Old Dusty," Capt. Rountree "Old Red," etc., was mentioned at a former dinner, but I think this story of him will amuse you, especially after I have mentioned our sports. When the troops were assembled here under Gen. Joseph Powell for the Sac and Fox war, as it was known, the first day's march was to the "Little Sac," six miles north of town, where camp was made and athletics were in order. The Laclède County company challenged the Greene County company for a wrestle, "side holt." It was accepted and "Old Red" was chosen as the Greene County champion. The ground was selected, judges chosen and after a tough bout "Old Red" threw his man. He at once jumped up, cracked his heels together three times and shouted: "There's the only man I ever threw down in my life." My, but the Laclède County men were angry.

Thomas Jessup was of Scotch ancestry. He was born in Tennessee and came to Springfield in the early 30s. He died here about 1852 (not certain of the date).

He started the first tanyard in the valley of the Jordan, west of the southwest corner of Boonville and Mill streets. He had one son and three daughters.

His son Eli found the buffalo horn which is the centerpiece on today's table and which was kindly loaned for the occasion by Thomas Jessup, the grandson of Thomas the first, who is now a farmer south of the city and keeps up the good name of the family.

You will see by the inscription that it was found in 1831 somewhere near the city. There is a story connected with the horn which we will relate in next year's stories and anecdotes of the early settlers.

Mr. Cason built the first mill.

Capt. Julian the first carding machine.

Thomas Jessup the first tanyard.

Pressley Beal the first cabinet shop.

Let their names be remembered because of their good deeds.

TOLD AT THE DINNER OF 1910

Mr. Hubble: I am moved to tell about what Maj. Hart told awhile ago of what took place when he came here. He brought out sixteen families—

Maj. Hart: Twelve to sixteen.

Mr. Hubble: Four of them stopped at Hartville, and the rest came on to town here and stopped at Dr. Shackelford's. The doctor was a Tennessean and he undertook to show them the courtesies that men showed then. They went into Sheppard's store and did a little trading, then started out the "wire road" and went out to the Adams spring, six or seven miles southwest of here. They had a dog that kept camp for them, and the dog was missing, and the major came back to town after him and Mr. Sheppard told him the dog ran around all the time and they could not do anything with him, so finally the major left, but came back the next morning after "Bulger," the dog. It pretty nearly broke them up to lose that dog, but he could not find him. Some weeks later they got a letter from the old home that the dog had come back. He told his brother to get him and take care of him, but the dog would not stay and went back to the old home place and died there. He had to cross both the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to get there.

Mr. Woods: That reminds me of a man my father used to tell about who asked if there was any way in the world to get to Missouri without crossing the Mississippi River. "Yes," my father says, "there is—by going far enough north; but it is a good ways around."

Mr. Wilson: Talking about that dog going back reminds me of another that belonged to one of the early settlers here that was missing. After he had been gone two or three weeks they got a letter from the old home that the dog had gone back home, having crossed the Tennessee, Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. I cannot recall the old man's name who owned the dog, but he was a justice of the peace and kept a drug store there.

Mr. Hubble: Oh, yes, a dog can swim the Mississippi River, but of course he lands a long ways down river from where he starts in.

Mr. John Holland: If I had been in the dog's place I would not have crossed the river. I would have come back.

Mr. John Y. Fulbright: At the request and solicitation of our friends, I desire to make a few remarks. As the children of the pioneers of this country, and as friends and companions of years, we have met under your hospitable roof from year to year to renew friendships and to recall and perpetuate while we still live the early history of our country. How well we may succeed, those who read after us must judge, yet we have the consolation of knowing that we have given a true and correct history as far as we were able and as far as we have gone. At this time, being the anniversary of the birth as a citizen of Springfield of our honored friend and companion, and to mark one more epoch that will make our history a pleasure to review, and as an evidence of our appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown to those present and others, I now present you (addressing Mr. Hubble) with this cane. Although it may not be of great intrinsic value, yet it is rich in love and good wishes from those who give it; and in the years that may follow we all wish you and your family health, happiness and prosperity; and, knowing well that the physical man as he walks the hill downward toward the setting sun of this life must grow weaker, we all hope that this token of esteem will make the path easier, and will support and strengthen you to the end. (Presentation of cane.) I will read the inscription: "Presented to M. J. Hubble by his friends at dinner, March 31, 1910."

Mr. Hubble: I think everyone of you know how much I appreciate this. As a general thing, I can always say something; but now all I can say is that I never was any more surprised—I could not be—than I am at this gift; and that I hope everyone of you will be here next year, and for many years after, and if you do, you will find your gift at the head of the table.

Mrs. Hubble (aside): Well, I hope you will give up your old broomstick now. [Laughter.]

Col. Murray: I was going to say to Mrs. Hubble that where there are a lot of good ladies around the house and not one word has been said in their favor, and a lot of men sitting around throwing taffy at one another, is fairly disgusting to me.

Mr. Hubble: Well, you're a widower.

Col. Murray: I learned to like the ladies, young and old, before I was graduated around here at the school house. I have carried that idea in my mind ever since that wherever I could pledge them, I would be glad to do so; and I desire you to understand and know that, while I may have faded, so many years have passed behind me, my love and friendship for them are the same and not on the wane. On this particular occasion, I have in mind to present to Mrs. Hubble, the individual who has really had charge of this household for at least half a century, who has always been pleasant to her friends and associates, and, but for her, the house might not be what it is today. Few houses or few homes amount to much without a good woman. I desire, Mrs. Hubble, to present to you this umbrella, inscribed: "Mrs. M. J. Hubble, from the guests of March 31, 1910."

Mrs. Hubble: It is no use to say I am surprised, for I did not feel that I was a representative at this dinner, except to welcome all these dear friends, and I enjoy them very much indeed. I will always remember this day as a pleasant day, though I, like my husband, have not prepared a speech for the occasion; but you will always be welcome, one and all, as long as I am hostess at this home. [Applause.]

Mr. Hubble: John Yount Fulbright has a good character in this county, and yet he is a deceiver. I don't know whether I ever will trust him again or not. I have been after him to talk here today. I want him to tell some stories of the old times. He said he would come to the office and see me, and he tramped all the way to the office and said he could not do it. I insisted that he should tell something, so he told me two or three stories up there and I tell him right now he has got to tell them. I let him off at first, he was so earnestly opposed, but he has to talk. He is an old fraud. He said: "I will talk a little after things have gone on a little while." I did not think the old boy was so deceptive.

Mr. Fulbright: Well, he kind of forced it on to me.

Mr. Hubble: Why did you not give me a hint they were going to give me that cane?

Mr. Fulbright: Well, give me a rap with it; give me a rap with it, if it will relieve you.

Mr. Hubble: Now when he was up there the other day, he told two old incidents I think ought to be recorded; the one

about "Old Red," which was the nickname of Mr. Lucius Rountree, for all the boys wore nicknames then, the one about following the Indians to take them out of the country, and the other about Henry and "Old Red" following the elk. Now that is something the children do not know about.

Mr. Fulbright: So far as the Indian story is concerned, the Governor ordered Col. Yancy and others to go down on the North Fork and get the Indians out of the country. Now my grandfather was a very large man, and the Indians considered him a special friend. They would not do anything without him. So they went down and were camped on the river, the Indians on one side and the boys on the other, and they had a powwow, but the Indians would not go. So they made it up that at a certain time they would charge the Indians, not hurt them, of course; and they would have to charge across that river. Now the boys were not putting bullets in the guns, but were shooting to make a noise, but still the Indians would not come to time. So they made a charge, and Capt. Rountree said he never saw such a lot of water flying in the world as when those seventy-five men charged and struck the river. When the Indians saw that water splashing it brought them to time immediately, and that charge is what did it.

The other story came about this way: There used to be a man down in this country, that I heard tell that when he came here there were a great many buffalo here. I know as far as I knew the old settlers never saw any buffalo here, and we were talking about this. But there were a few elk, and on one occasion there were fifteen went through town and they followed them down into Arkansas, but never overtook them. They were seen, but the hunting party never overtook them. The elk were very poor and were probably the last elk in this country. I only got the elk story by asking these people about the buffalo and none of them, Rountree or my uncle, ever saw any buffalo in this county. They had been here, though, at an earlier time.

Mr. Hubble: They were not here when the white people came here.

Mr. Woods: It was always said that all the depressions out by the cemetery were made by buffalo.

Mr. Fulbright: Oh, they had been here.

Mr. Hubble: As early as the 40s there were no buffalo east of the Missouri line. They had all been driven out.

Mr. Woods: Bear were seen passing through the country after I came here.

Mr. Fulbright: Yes, there were bears after the war. Bill Hickock was here at the time and I went along with him looking for the last bear I ever heard of.

Mr. Wilson: In 1884 I saw a bear down near Cedar Gap where they were building the railroad. I was loading ties and the bear crossed the track right in front of me. If I had had a gun I could have shot it.

Question: Was it a pet bear?

Mr. Wilson: No, it was not a pet bear, I guess.

Mrs. Hubble: I have seen wild deer between here and Paris Spring—wild ones.

Mr. Shockley: A lady who lived out near and adjoining the old Frazier place was milking a cow and a bear came up and wanted the milk and liked to have scared her to death. It had a chain on its neck. She ran over to the nearest neighbor, the Boyd's, and they came with guns and a pack of dogs. The bear broke for the pond near and got in the water, and just knocked the dogs winding as they came, so finally my father he shined his eyes—it was a very dark night, just could see his eyes—and shot several shots, but never touched the bear until finally he got its eye and finished it and they brought it to the house and next morning found it was Maj. Berry's pet bear, so they sent word if he would come he could help them eat it and have bear meat.

Mr. Hubble: Mr. Murray, could you not say a good word for the old settlers?

Col. Murray: I have made my speech—all the one I intended to.

Mr. Hubble: Well, that was a good speech, I am bound to say, wasn't it, Mammy?

Mrs. Hubble: Yes, it was a good speech.

Mr. Hubble: I don't believe any country on the face of the earth ever was settled up by a better class of people than the men who settled Springfield and its vicinity. Now I say that, after my experience all over the world with the people I have met. I have seen the educated people—I have seen all classes of people,

but I don't believe I ever saw any set of people actuated by what was just and fair to his neighbor more than were they. They meant to do that which was right and they did, and the other fellow expected them to do right and, just as Judge Fulbright said here a good while ago, if he did not do right he got a quiet little hint that the best thing to do was to move, and he moved, and it did not take more than a hint to move him because the right man gave the hint. And if a man abused his family he had to move, too.

Col. Murray: It brings to mind one thought. I believe all you have said about these good men before us and that it comes on down to these men here. They are the salt of the earth, and have been for fifty years of this county; and no better men, perhaps, ever lived in any community so far as their morals are concerned and their honesty and integrity and all that goes to build up a country strong and good—that element must be among them. But did you ever stop to think? Suppose every man in this town was like those men were you are talking about; if the County of Greene, State of Missouri, if you like, was all composed of men like these, we, the people, what would we amount to in this day and time of rapid financing, railroad building, gas companies, insurance companies, everything grasping by the millions of dollars? Do you know that Judge Page, of the Criminal Court down here, would have to close its doors tomorrow morning? No criminals would have to be tried; there would be no crime. The other Judge Page, the police judge who fines men for a dram too much, about \$6.50 fine, and then puts them in jail; and \$1 goes to the city and some \$5.50 in the pockets of others, and Mr. Lovell and his police would disband tomorrow morning. There would be nobody to arrest; no one breaking criminal laws. The judges of all the courts, and the clerks and the \$350,000 to \$400,000 Missouri pays annually for her criminal courts would all be banished, don't you see? Now I am not belittling our side of the question, you understand, but I am trying to show you how they run things nowadays; that they are not looking for this kind of men to represent them in the council or the State. They are seeking men who are rapid runners and can transfer money from one account to another quickly.

Mr. Hubble: That is right.

Col. Murray: There would be no murders committed. But if it were so many people would say it was too slow. We must run over people with fast trains and tell the section men to pick up the fragments, but all means to get to the next town without stopping, and the faster the better; get out of the way. The question is: is this necessary now to make this a good country, better, stronger, more enterprising country? While we are not all teetotalers, yet one saloon an hour a day could sell all we would want. So that would all be done away with, and there would no longer be crime committed around dark alleys. To us trained along with this lot, we think our lines the best. But the other is the larger element now in the community, and we are the mere fragments of what the community once was when it all existed throughout the neighborhood composed of these men you talk about. They were in the large majority. You can tell by the stories that if one of the wrong sort hapened to get in, he was notified to move on. It was a glorious country.

At the same time, as I said, with all this rapid transit business from congressman to constable, the moral side of the question has been dropped out of existence almost, don't you see? After awhile everybody, I mean this older class of people we were talking about, will have passed away, except for now and then a boy who follows in his father's steps, and then these rapid runners will have taken charge of everything. I don't know where they are going to run it to—the other place, or not. Sometimes I think they will run against a snag and burst the thing up, but I hope I am mistaken as to that idea. But there is one thing that may happen, that has already happened continuously from the foundation or settlement of the country until now, one thing for which we are glad—that their sentiments and their views have permeated the young people to an extent that will make good citizens out of them, even though they may not be as entirely free from crime in this generation as the older ones were—that they will have some manhood, some ambition to be somebody morally as well as financially. Nowadays, I am sorry to say that the standard of a man's power and influence in a community depends somewhat upon the amount of dollars he can stack up, and so long as that idea controls and outweighs the moral side of the question, then we are in danger of a landslide to the wrong side.

I did not mean to preach a sermon, because Father Lilly will do that when I get through. I beg your pardon.

Father Lilly: I am very well pleased, indeed, to meet you all and be of your company. It has been a source of deep thought to me as to what I should say in regard to the subject we have before us. Many of you may think that language would be simple in regard to recording the early facts of pioneer life. Remember that truth is simplicity itself, and the more simple the manner the better in which you state those facts and views of your youthful days, of the burdens, trials and troubles of that life, the defeats and the victories of other days and the growing up of the families, and the few laws of those days, when you come to think of it in the gathering of these facts of your county and city to be laid up and placed aside for the historian. When he comes to delve into the real truth of the matter he has it to hand and we fathers can say to ourselves: we had a good hand in giving what was proper and right to the history of the county. Your work and your labor on your land here and there, now what was that in reality? It was preparing for the future. Those who have come after you have divided and subdivided; they have inherited the riches you have accumulated in a certain way. They are now the citizens of the land. So when you look back to those times, it is with gratitude, kindness and love. You remember those gone before, the fair love of those around about you. Then your lifetime work is not yet over. You are now gathering together all these items, not for yourself but for the future generations that they may read and understand and then place your names all the higher and more noble in their own minds and say that as pioneers you did well your work and labor, bodily and mentally, to give them the real truths and facts of the early history of this county and of the city. I think, therefore, that as we have a member who is known so well as an insurance agent, that he can certainly insure the truth and the facts of these matters if he will go to work and gather them right in. As an insurance man, he ought to insure us each twelve months amply of all the facts gathered of this county and city and that, giving him this advantage, it will prompt him to be all the more energetic and all the more thorough in his work so that at each annual celebration he will bring in a large amount of the facts

recalled of your early days. I thank you all very kindly for the privilege of being present among you. Not only do I feel highly honored by the invitation extended me, but, knowing that our days are few and our eternity before us, while in life, we should show that good will and friendship to one another so that, God speeding us homeward, we may be friends now and, I hope, friends in eternity.

You insurance man, see that you do better next time.

I arrived in Springfield on the last day of March, 1856. It was a beautiful day, and the town was full of people from the country, large numbers of which were preparing to go to California, and each of them had on a red belt with a single-barrel pistol sticking into it, and a good many of them with knives in the belts. It was a nice warm day, and most of them having on woolen shirts had pulled off their coats, and I didn't understand what it meant. I got here from Columbia, Tennessee, where the men who carried pistols kept them hid, and I just supposed that there would be bloodshed here directly.

The highest point around the Square was at the southeast corner of the Square and South street in front of Sheppard & Kimbrough's store, so I went there to see what was going to happen. There was a circus in town that day. I stood around for some time, and I saw nothing of a bellicose nature, and so I asked a gentleman why there were so many people in town armed, and he explained to me that they were getting ready to go to California, a trip across the plains, and that they always went armed to protect themselves against the Indians, so I hunted up my kinsman, and he told me that my uncle, Jonathan Carthell, had, on the request of my grandfather back in Tennessee, secured me a position to clerk in the store of Sheppard & Kimbrough. I went to the circus that day as the guest of Dr. Shackelford, and went to Uncle Jonathan Carthell's that afternoon, and came back to town Monday morning, and went into Sheppard & Kimbrough's store as a clerk.

I can see the old Public Square exactly as it was the day I got here. The first house that I went in was at the corner of College street and the Public Square, in which was the drug store of Burden & Stephens, and also the postoffice. The next door to that south was the clothing store of John L. Holland; next to that

was McAdams' saddlery store; next was the store of Charles Sheppard and J. B. Kimbrough; then there was a little one-story house between that and the southwest corner of the Square, which set back a few feet from the Square; the next house was on the south side of the Square, and was the store of W. B. Farmer; next to that on the corner of South street and the Public Square was a log house used as a saloon, and on the southeast corner of South street and the Public Square was the two-story store of Sheppard & Kimbrough, running back to Pickwick alley. The south part of the store, however, was only one story high; next east of that was a small house 16 by 20 used as a law office; next east of that was McElhany & Jaggard's store; next east of that was C. B. Holland's store; next east of that on the corner was "Judge" Andrew's saloon, and fronting on the Square was a long one-story building occupied by W. H. and H. T. Hunt as a shoe shop; next to that north was Dr. Mitchell's drug store, and next north was a tailor shop occupied by a Frenchman by the name of Gounart; next on the corner of St. Louis street and the Square was the store of J. S. Moss & Co., the company being Maj. D. D. Berry; across the street on the corner of the Square and St. Louis street stood the Temperance Hall; next to that was Jacob Painter's gun shop; next to that a livery stable. On the northeast corner of Boonville street and the Public Square was a hotel, fronting on the square. East was a small frame house unoccupied. On the northwest corner of Boonville street and the Public Square was the State Bank; between that and the northwest corner of the Square there was a little frame house, perhaps twenty feet square; next to the northwest corner of the Public Square and fronting on the Square was a two-story building owned by Allen Fielding; next to that on the corner where the Court House stands was a store occupied by McGinty & Co. These were all the buildings there were on the Public Square.

The brick houses were as follows: First, the Court House in the center of the Square; second, the Bank building, northwest corner of Boonville street and the Square; "Temperance Hall," on the northeast corner of St. Louis street and the Square; the school house in the grove near what is now Washington avenue and Water street; the residence of Gen. Holland on Jefferson street, and one room on the Hayden place on Olive street, and

that moves me to say right here that Olive street was named for Col. Mordica Oliver, who had been a member of Congress from North Missouri, and bought a residence on that street. He was a fine lawyer and a great orator, and was Secretary of State by appointment of Governor Gamble after the Civil War had begun.

I had come from a city of three thousand people with four large schools, one male and three female, situated in one of the richest counties on the face of the earth, and I had been a clerk in a store there, and I was utterly surprised at the amount of goods sold in this little town. Our trade came from one hundred miles all around, and the merchants bought wool, cotton, bacon, cedar posts, plank and shingles, two and three-foot boards, feathers, ginseng and many other things that I had never seen bought by merchants. I think that more than half of the people paid cash for everything they bought; the other half settled up once a year, and what was more they paid. There were four of us in the Sheppard & Kimbrough store, and we were all active, and all good salesmen, and we would keep busy from ten to fifteen hours a day because we didn't try to keep the goods in ship-shape during business hours, but always had them fixed up before we went to bed.

In 1867, I think, the United States bought from Russia the Territory of Alaska. Of course, everybody knows now that it was a splendid purchase so far as dollars and cents are concerned, but there were very few who knew why it was purchased, and all the balance of us "howled" about "Seward buying an iceberg." I was in the office of Governor John S. Phelps shortly after people knew about it. He had been a member of Congress from this district for eighteen years, and he stood high with the big men who were governing the country, and I said something about how foolish it was in Mr. Seward to buy the iceberg, and he looked over his spectacles and said: "If you knew why you would not say that. I will tell you why, but it must not be talked about now." So I never told the reason of the purchase until after I saw it published some two or three years ago, and one of these days it will become part of the history of the United States.

It seems that Louis Napoleon and Earl Salisbury, backed by Mr. Gladstone, were determined to recognize the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent nation. Their reason for it was that

that would be enabled to obtain cotton from the South, and their need of cotton had stopped the running of many mills in England, and created great hardship among the laboring people. Louis Napoleon's reason for it, as was afterwards asserted, was that he wanted to conquer Mexico. Charles Frances Adams was at that time our minister to England, and he warned Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln of the danger, and before England and France could act, the entire fleet of the Russian navy showed up in the harbor of New York one morning. It will be remembered that there was no cable then, and no wireless telegraph, and consequently news could go no faster than a ship took it, so the first news that England and France had of the concentration of the Russian fleet in the New York harbor was either just before it got there or when it did get there. The wise men understood that there must be some agreement between the United State and Russia, or else that fleet would not have been there, and the assembling of that fleet destroyed the last hope the Confederacy had of recognition by foreign nations. Of course, it cost a lot of money to take that fleet to New York and back, and neither nation could afford to have the Chancelries of Europe know that there was a secret agreement between the Government of the United States and Russia, so after the war was over in hunting for some way to pay Russia, somebody suggested that Russia sell the United States Alaska. Russia had no use for Alaska, neither did the United States, so the United States paid Russia seven millions of dollars for Alaska, and that wiped out the expense of the fleet, although that was never mentioned in the transaction.

One of the queerest criminal trials that I have ever known of occurred in this county. I tell the story as it was told to me by Judge Littleberry Hendricks, who was the greatest lawyer in Southwest Missouri up to the beginning of the war.

A man living down on Sac River was shot while sitting on his porch by some man who stood behind a tree. His wife had gone to the spring for a bucket of water, and she was coming back when the shot was fired that killed her husband. She saw a bob-tailed brindle dog running away from the house. Now that dog was owned by an early settler who lived in the bottom of Sac just below where the man lived who was assassinated, and he was a true frontiersman, who had four or five acres, on which

he raised corn, and he spent the balance of his time hunting, trapping and fishing. He was a quiet, peaceable man without an enemy so far as anybody knew, but during the investigation of the killing the patching around the bullet that killed the victim was found, and when they went to the house of of this old trapper and hunter, and looked into his shot-pouch they found the piece of cloth out of which the patching had been cut; it fitted the hole in the cloth, and was the same kind of material, and the brindle dog was known to belong to him. They went back to where the assassin had stood, and found the tracks of a man who wore moccasins, and they followed that track to the house.

Upon this evidence he was suspicioned, and as he had been out fishing that day by himself it was impossible for him to prove an alibi, and the patching and the dog and the moccasin tracks (he being the only man in the neighborhood who wore moccasins) seemed to be conclusive proof that he was guilty of the crime. He was arrested, brought to town and put in jail; was too poor to employ a lawyer, but Judge Hendricks' sympathy was aroused for the man, and he went to see him, and became his attorney. The man could not understand how the patching, the moccasin tracks or the dog came to be there.

In due time the trial began, and the proof made by the State was as above stated, and Judge Hendricks had no evidence to offer in favor of his client except his previous good character, and the jury was out but a little while until it returned a verdict of guilty, fixing the penalty at hanging.

The next morning the Clerk read the proceedings, and the Judge signed the record. Judge Hendricks had read the record before it was signed, and after it was signed he filed a motion to have his client discharged because the records did not show that the defendant was present at the trial, and of course, everyone knows that you cannot legally try a man for his life unless he is present; neither could he be put in jeopardy of his life the second time.

Hendricks filed a motion for the Judge to dismiss his client, and let him "go hence without day." He quietly handed the motion to the presiding Judge, who read it with consternation, and asked the Clerk to show him the records, which he did. Of course, Hendricks was in the right, and a hasty consultation of

the lawyers and Judge was held. It was agreed that the motion should lay over and not be read, and that night the jailer would quietly turn the man loose, which was done, and Judge Hendricks never heard of him any more.

His wife left the country shortly afterwards, and no one ever knew where they went.

Now for the sequel. At that time when a man settled on a piece of land no one attempted to enter it. He might live on it four or five years because he was not able to enter it, but no one attempted to enter another man's claim. The fall after these proceedings a man thought to be one of the best citizens in the country took a drove of mules down to Louisiana. While there he took desperately sick, and sent for his brother, and he told him that he thought he was going to die, and that he wanted to clear the name of this man who had been found guilty of the assassination, and that he had committed the crime himself because this man had entered his claim, and that the way he did it was, he went to this old trapper's house and found that he was gone; pulled off his shoes, and put on the trapper's moccasins, took his gun and shot pouch, and went there and got behind the tree and killed him, and that he didn't regret it; that the dog followed him because he had the gun and shot pouch; that he went back to the old trapper's house, pulled off his moccasins, put on his shoes, hung the gun on the rack, and the shot pouch on the buck horn, and went home.

Since I heard that story it will be an awfully hard thing to have me convict a man for murder on circumstantial evidence.

N. B.—The defendant had been tried at a former session of the court. Abraham Woody "hung the jury." I asked him why, and he said the evidence was all circumstantial against the defendant and, judging from the habits of defendant, circumstances favored the theory that he did not commit the crime.

TOLD AT THE DINNER OF MARCH 31, 1911

I think it well at this meeting that we should talk some about the old timers that we knew who lived in the county in its bygone days. The very finest citizens that ever settled in any country in the world were these, and though they have all gone

out of this life they left their impression on us and our compeers.

John Woods, with his two sons, James and John, and his two daughters, Mrs. Williams and Miss Martha, came to this country in 1862 or 1853 from Lawrence County, Tennessee, and settled northwest of town about five miles. John Woods, Sr., was one of the finest mechanics that ever lived in this country. He had formerly owned a large cotton mill in his old home in Tennessee, and when he came here he bought a fine piece of land which made a fine farm. There were no better citizens than he and his sons and daughters.

Allen Biggs lived in the same neighborhood, coming here from Tennessee, a quiet, industrious, good citizen.

William Boxley was from Kentucky and lived in the same neighborhood. He was a jolly, good-natured old gentleman, kind hearted and generous, and one of the best of neighbors.

Uncle Jaky Bodenhammer lived about six miles east of town, and he used to say that a chimney fell down on his children and killed them all but nineteen. He was of German descent and I think came here from North Carolina. He and his children were all fine citizens.

I didn't know Mr. Kerschner, the father of Capt. William and Lieut. Thomas Kerschner, but I knew both of them, and I always heard that the senior Kerschner was one of our best citizens. They lived six miles southeast of town.

Maj. Roswell K. Hart came here, I think, in 1852; was an enterprising, clear-headed business man; owned a fine farm, and was major in the Federal army during the Civil War, and under orders from Gen. Holland burned a good many houses in the south part of the city the 8th day of January, 1863, at the time Marmaduke attacked the city.

William B. Farmer lived a little west and south of where the pencil factory now is. He was a merchant and a farmer and a fine business man, and although a slaveholder voted for Mr. Lincoln and was made Receiver of the Land Office. He was also Judge of the County Court for years, and made a splendid record.

Dr. Gabriel P. Shackelford owned a farm, the west line of which is the Boulevard, and St. Louis treet runs now near his residence. He was a Kentuckian, kind hearted and generous, and a merchant as well as a farmer.

Uncle Presley Beal was our cabinet maker. He made our bureaus, chairs, tables and other household furniture. His shop was at the northwest corner of College street and Patton alley. He was a Tennessean and one of the kindest old gentlemen I ever knew.

There were four Danforth brothers, who settled six miles east of town, at what is still known as the Danforth Spring. They were Finley James R., John W. and Erskine. Finley was the most enterprising and energetic of the family, and he gave Col. Campbell and Maj. Berry a "run for their money" in the location of Springfield. He wanted it at the Danforth Spring. He died before I came here, but I knew James R., who was for years cashier of the branch of the State Bank located at Springfield, and a devoted member of the Methodist Church, a jolly, fine looking old gentleman, whose kindly manner and open countenance won the friendship of everybody at the first meeting. John W. Danforth, in early days, was considered the best dressed man in Greene County. When I knew him he had retired from business and owned a fine farm northeast of the city, and he rode into town in his broadcloth clothes and silver spurs and tall hat, clean shaven, and was elegance personified. He was in the wholesale business at Forsyth during the days of the Ben Lee steamboat, and made a handsome fortune there, upon which he retired. Erskine Danforth was a farmer; lived east of town, and I think one of the best men I ever knew; quiet, kind hearted and loved by everyone who knew him.

John Lair owned a farm, the northwest corner of which was the southeast corner of Jefferson and Walnut streets. I think the 160 acres that he owned was entered by Judge James Dollison. Lair had a blacksmith shop at the northwest corner of Jefferson and Walnut streets, where he had, as I recollect it, six forges. He rigged up stocks and belts so that he could shoe the forefeet of 100 mules in one day. He was uneducated but not ignorant by a long shot, and a kind hearted, pushing, money-making man. There was never any enterprise for the benefit of Springfield that John Lair did not do his share.

Littleberry Hendricks I have always regarded as the greatest lawyer I have known intimately, unless it was Willard P. Hall. He was a bricklayer and didn't study law until he was

about forty years old. He had three sons, one of them a doctor and one was Judge of the Circuit Court of the Lawrence County district for many years. The other one never had good health. He told me that he had never been reversed by the Supreme Court in but on case. He was the foremost lawyer in this circuit, a quiet, kindly old man, with morals unassailable. He was Judge of our Circuit Court.

William McAdams was an Irishman, born in Cork, but came to the United States when a child, and came here from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and opened a saddlery and harness shop. He was a fine business man, kind hearted and always ready to help the town.

Bryant Nowlin lived southeast of town and was a fine citizen, and the first time I ever saw him he told me I could pinch him if I wanted to, and I didn't know at the time, but I learned afterwards that his flesh was so hard it could not be pinched, and as I was a stranger he thought he would have some fun out of me. He was a fine citizen and lived to a ripe old age.

Capt. John S. Bigbee came here from Tennessee and settled two and a half miles northeast of town. He was a fine citizen; kept a hotel when I came here, and was our public auctioneer for many years.

Gen. Colly B. Holland came here from Tennessee in 1841; was always a prominent citizen, and always foremost in all things for the good of the town. He rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Federal army, and when Gen. Brown was wounded on the 8th day of January, 1863, when Marmaduke attacked Springfield, Gen. Holland took command and drove Marmaduke away. Capt. John L. Holland, his brother, came here with him, and is now living at the age of ninety-two or three on Walnut street, and is the only one of the first generation of the men who made Springfield now living.

Robert J. McElhany came here from Tennessee; was successful as a merchant and banker, foremost in everything to build up the town, and had many friends and no enemies that I know of.

Hon. John W. Hancock lived five miles east of town. He was prominent in politics; was a large farmer, and with his brother-in-law, J. T. Morton, came here in an early day from

Kentucky. I knew them both well and they were splendid citizens.

James Ellison lived in the same neighborhood with Hancock and Morton, and was a good farmer and a good citizen.

Heretofore we have spoken of Solomon H. Owen. Capt. Charles Baker Owen, one of his sons, lived on the James southwest of the city. He was a stalwart Democrat and was a captain in the Twenty-fourth Missouri Volunteers during the Civil War. He made many races for the Democratic party, and there was never any doubt about his Democracy seven days in the week, and he thoroughly believed with Jackson that "to the victor belonged the spoils." He left a large family and they are all doing well.

Col. Lane lived west of town, was an early settler, but died before I came here.

The father of W. J. McDaniel lived south of town; was a good farmer, and the very best kind of a citizen.

Thomas B. Neaves, once sheriff of this county and member of the Legislature, lived southeast of the city—and that makes me think of a good story of how Christian County was named. It was told me years ago by one who knew. If you will notice the map of Christian County you will observe it has a queer shape, and its northern boundary is within six miles of Springfield, and its northeast township was absolutely necessary in order to get the territory to form the county. Mr. Neaves lived in that township, and it was impossible to get the people of that township to agree to being cut off from Greene County without they could get the influence of Mr. Neaves. James Gideon, an uncle of Judge James Gideon of today, and a Dr. Davis were the men who were engineering the formation of the county, and finally in desperation they went to Mrs. Neaves, knowing that whatever Mrs. Neaves wanted her husband to do he was pretty apt to do, and used every argument they could think of to get her to use her influence with Col. Neaves to get him to favor the formation of the new county, but she said she never interfered with the colonel's political affairs and she didn't want to do it. But they stuck to it and she finally said that there was but one thing that would induce her to speak to her husband about the matter, and that was if they would name the new county "Christian," after

the county that they were born, raised and married in in Kentucky, she might say something to him about it. They told her that they were just bound to call it Christian; that they were just "honing" to call it Christian, and that if Col. Neaves would agree to it and help them to get the necessary territory that they would call it Christian. Mrs. Neaves spoke to the colonel and he agreed to it and the county was formed and named Christian. I publish it so that the people in Christian County may know how their county got its name, for there is no doubt but this is the fact.

Hon. William H. McFarland lived east of town on a farm; was a very energetic man, and took a prominent part in politics. He represented this county in the Legislature and died regretted by all who knew him.

Hon. Frank T. Frazier was Representative and Senator from this county and lived near Ash Grove. He was an energetic, busy citizen and loved to dabble in politics about as well as any man I ever knew; was a good neighbor, and there never was any back taxes against him.

The youngest son of Daniel Boone, Nathan, once lived near Ash Grove, in this county. It is needless to speak of his character. He had belonged to the regular army and left many descendants who are good citizens to this day.

Dr. Monroe M. Parrish came here in an early day from Kentucky. He was one of the finest surveyors we ever had in this country, as well as a fine physician. His widow still lives in the city.

David Ross lived near Ebenezer; came here at an early day; was a minister, and had a good farm.

There were three of the Sims, all good citizens—Leonard H., Zachariah and Briggs. Leonard H. and John S. Phelps were both members of Congress at the same time from this county. I don't explain why we had two members from Greene County in order to make the curious hunt up the reason.

We had two prominent citizens by the name of Hackney. One of them named Wilson Hackney lived at the northwest corner of Walnut and South streets. He was a Kentuckian and a hatter by trade, and when I came here more than half the people were wearing his hats. A few days after I got here I witnessed

a curious scene in Sheppard & Kimbrough's store. Old Uncle Billy Gray was a great big six-footer, living southwest of the city, and came into Sheppard & Kimbrough's store, took a seat and was talking to Mr. Sheppard when Mr. Hackney came in. Uncle Billy said to Mr. Hackney, "I want you to make me a new hat," and he took off the one he had on his head and says, "I am tired of this one." Mr. Hackney said, "Uncle Billy, I can't make you any better hat than that," and Uncle Billy replied, "I don't suppose you can, but I have had this hat twelve years and I am tired of it and I want a new one," and I have no doubt in the world but that it was true. Old Uncle Hugh Hackney lived out on the Sac and had a mill, and the meal and flour that came from Hackney's mill sold like dollars, for there wasn't any doubt about its purity. During the war he was accused of being a rebel, but he always declared stoutly that he was not, but there was a man by the name of Jim Ryan that always testified against him and he was disfranchised every election until, I think, in 1866. At that time Capt. Charles B. Owen and I were candidates on the Democratic ticket and we went with the registering officers. In going from Cave Spring to Ebenezer we had to ride after night, and we got down on Sac and Capt. Owen told me to ride slowly and he would overtake me. When he came up he didn't volunteer to tell me why he had turned off the road and I didn't ask him, but Mr. Ryan never appeared against Mr. Hackney, and Uncle Hugh came and registered and was left on the roll as a voter, and I kept studying about it, and the first time I saw Ryan in town I asked him why he didn't appear against Uncle Hugh, and he said: "Because Bake Owen came to my house the night before the registration and told me that if I appeared against Uncle Hugh at the registration that he would beat me until I would have to be hauled home in a wagon every time he found me in town, and don't you know he would a done it?"

Joseph Evens lived north of town on the Boonville road, owned a fine farm and was one of the best citizens we ever had. He had three sons—John, Alexander and Mac. Alexander and Mac are living. Mrs. E. E. McDonald, the widow of W. J. McDaniels, was one of his daughters, and Dr. Cox married one of his daughters. The McDaniels are grandsons of Uncle Evans.

Capt. Thomas B. Reed lived near Ebenezer. He owned a fine farm and had a peculiarity I have never seen in anyone else. When excited perspiration would break out on one side of his face and not on the other. He was a captain in the Twenty-fourth Missouri Volunteers, Federal army, sheriff of the county two terms, and the father of Judge Reed of the present County Court, and also of George Reed, one of our very best citizens of the present day.

And now, in closing this series of talks by you gentlemen and my own reminiscences, I have tried to keep out of the limelight as much as it was possible and do the subject justice. I will close by telling how near Springfield came to having a candidate for Vice-President. The coming campaign makes it appropriate for me to tell the story.

In 1864 the delegates from this Congressional district to the Chicago Democratic convention were Hon. John S. Phelps and Judge Sample Orr, and I one of the alternates. When we arrived in Chicago we found the Southern States in that convention were at loggerheads, and Missouri having a solid delegation, the managers of the convention called the Missouri delegation together and said as we had a harmonious delegation from Missouri, and as it was the custom of the Democratic party to take the candidate for President from the North and the candidate for Vice-President from the South, or vice versa, that if we would agree upon a candidate for Vice-President that the convention would nominate him, as it was well known that Gen. McClellan would be the nominee for President. Governor Phelps came to me and told me he would be a candidate before the Missouri delegation for Vice-President, and of course could not act as one of the delegates, and for me as his alternate to take his place, which I did.

After the delegation got together there were eulogistic speeches made in favor of Governor Phelps as the nominee, as he had been a member of Congress from Missouri for eighteen years and I took it for granted he would be nominated without question, as no one said anything against his nomination. But to my surprise when we voted there were only four votes for him with four against him, and Missouri then had only nine delegates in the convention and Col. David H. Armstrong hadn't voted, so I felt sure that Phelps would be nominated because he had made

Armstrong postmaster in St. Louis, but to my utter surprise Col. Armstrong stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and swore that "no man who ever wore the shoulder straps of a Federal colonel should ever be nominated for Vice-President by his vote," and he voted for Pendleton and the delegation reported Pendleton as its choice, and he was accordingly nominated for Vice-President.

Some of the offices that citizens of Springfield have held, not only in the State, but in the Nation, are:

Greene County once had two members of Congress at the same time; it furnished two Secretaries of State; one Register of Land, and two men who have been Governors of the State and formerly lived in Springfield; also one minister to a foreign land.

I want to return to you, gentleman, my sincere thanks for the pleasure your company has given me at our annual dinners, and the aid you have given me in writing this short history of our good old town. Some time or other it will be valuable to our descendants because they will turn to its pages and find that their ancestors "made good" in the building up of the city and county.

THE RACE FOR GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI IN 1860

Early in the year the Democratic party met and nominated as their candidate for Governor Claiborn F. Jackson, of Saline County. He had been prominent for years in Missouri politics, and while a member of the Legislature from Saline County had introduced and passed the famous Jackson resolution censuring Senator Thomas H. Benton for his political course in the United States Senate, from which the Senator took his famous appeal to the people.

Jackson was a fine canvasser, and a character above reproach, but all the people who were opposed to the idea of secession recognized that it would be dangerous to elect him Governor of the State of Missouri, because they were certain that he would favor secession, and with his thorough knowledge of Missouri politics he would wield a great influence against the preservation of the Union. Those who were opposed to secession named Hon. Robert Wilson, who was a fine canvasser and a notable stump

speaker. Jackson published his list of appointments for a State-wide canvass. Wilson, after a short period, withdrew from the canvass, deeming it utterly hopeless to try to defeat Jackson. Jackson pursued the even tenor of his way without an opponent until he got to Springfield. At that time I was a merchant, and Judge Sample Orr lived four miles west of the city. He was Judge of our Probate Court, and while he owned a good farm it was about all that he had. He was a customer of mine, and the morning of the day that Jackson was to speak in Springfield he came into the store and called me into the back room and told me that he was going to run for Governor. I don't think that I ever got a greater surprise in my life. For while we who lived in Southwest Missouri knew him as one of the most effective stump speakers in the world, we had no idea that he would think of running for Governor of the State. I was a young man, and did not feel competent to advise him how foolish it was for him to make the race for Governor. I knew that he had but little money, and I knew that his acquaintance throughout the State was very limited, so as soon as I got a chance I went out and hunted up some of the influential men of the county, including Col. Marcus Boyd, Joseph Moss, Kindred Rose, Dr. T. J. Bailey and L. A. D. Crenshaw. These men were undoubtedly Union men, although they were slaveholders, and I told them what Orr had told me, and that they had better come over to the store and talk to him and persuade him out of his quixotic purpose. They all went to the store and I went out and found Judge Orr, and told him that these gentlemen were in my back room and wanted to see him. When we were all in the room I told them what Judge Orr had said, and the gentlemen one after the other endeavored to dissuade him because he would lose his time and his money and would be beaten very badly. He replied that the people of the State of Missouri were opposed to secession, and that that was the question uppermost in the minds of all; that everybody was trying to smother it, but that everybody knew that that was the question now before the people, and, therefore, if the people of the State of Missouri knew they had a chance to vote for a man who would oppose secession in any form, and under all circumstances they would elect him, and that he had no more doubt of his election as Governor of Missouri than he

had of his present existence. That was the point of the speech that he made to that audience. I can't remember all that he said, but I do remember at the close of his speech that I felt that he would be elected Governor.

Col. Boyd had been a member of the Legislature with Claiborn F. Jackson and knew him well, and Judge Orr asked him to introduce him to Jackson so that he might ask for a division of time, and Col. Boyd and he started to the hotel at the corner of Boonville street and the Square, leaving the audience in my counting room. It was some time before anything was said. Mr. Crenshaw said: "Have you seen Jackson?" Nobody in the audience had seen him that morning. Mr. Crenshaw said: "Well, he is dressed elegantly, and he has a fine equipment for traveling, and I cannot stand it for Springfield to send out a candidate less equally equipped, so I propose to furnish him the finest span of mules in this country, and my double-seated buggy and Tom (who was a negro man that he owned) to drive it, and it shall not cost him a cent." Dr. Bailey then spoke up and said he has got to have some money and some clothes, and I said, "I will furnish the clothes," and Dr. Bailey, Uncle Joe Moss, Uncle Kin Rose, Elijah Gray and the others chipped in \$300.00, and I was to give him the clothes and the money when he came back from his introduction to Governor Jackson.

By and by Judge Orr came back, and I laid out a good suit of clothes for him and handed him the money, and told him Mr. Crenshaw had sent for his mules and buggy, and that we didn't want him to travel in less style than Governor Jackson; that he must remember that he represented the great County of Greene and the city of Springfield. He stood there with the money in his hands for a little bit, and he handed it back, and threw the clothes that I had laid out for him on another table, and he said: "The people will elect me. You give this money back to the men who gave it to you, and you keep your clothes. I have a good horse, and I am going to ride him during this canvass, and I will be elected Governor of the State of Missouri when I get back." Orr was about five feet nine inches high, sandy complexion, red hair that stood straight up. In fact he looked like a smaller production of Andrew Jackson.

Col. Boyd was one of the greatest practical jokers in the world, and of this fact Jackson was well aware. Boyd said that when he introduced Orr to Jackson, and told him that he was going to run for Governor, and wanted fifteen minutes of time to announce himself at the speaking that day that Jackson treated him very courteously, but after Orr went out he said to Boyd, "Boyd, will you never get done with your practical jokes?" never dreaming that Orr was to be a candidate. Boyd said he told him that before the canvass was over Orr would drive him off of the stump, and he said, "Claib, you will think this is the greatest practical joke that I ever played."

Orr had on a 25-cent straw hat, a blue and white marseilles coat and vest, tow linen trousers, woolen socks and a pair of heavy shoes. He had extra clothing in his saddle bags. I didn't see them, but suppose they were the same kind, just enough for a change.

When the speaking occurred Jackson stated that Judge Orr, a citizen of Springfield, was going to become a candidate, and had asked permission to announce himself, and that he, therefore, gave him fifteen minutes of his time. Orr did not take up the full fifteen minutes, just simply made his announcement. One of the best citizens of the county was sitting on a log not very far away, and he could not keep from expressing his disgust that Orr should be a candidate for Governor, and he did it so loud that everybody heard it. Quick as a flash Orr said, "Uncle E——, the next day after the election if I am not elected Governor of the State of Missouri you will think I am," and I don't know what there was in it except the way he said it, but it set the crowd wild, and they cheered him "for keeps."

Orr left here that afternoon for Buffalo, where they were to speak the next day, and Jackson divided time with him until they got to Saline County, Jackson's home, when Jackson declined to canvass any further.

In the meantime the St. Louis Republican had sent a man, I can't think of his name, but we called him "The Wandering Jew," as a correspondent to report the debates between Orr and Jackson, and while the Republican was for Jackson outwardly at the bottom of its heart I thought it was for Orr, because it was sure that Orr was for the Union, and the Republican was, but Jackson

being the regular nominee of the Democratic party, and the Republican being the greatest Democratic paper in the State, of course kept Jackson's name at the head of the paper, but the reports of the "Wandering Jew" set the Union men in the State wild over Orr's speeches and stories.

After Jackson decided not to pursue the canvass any further a caucus of the Democrats was held that night, and it was determined that the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, who was a polished gentleman and a fine speaker, should answer Orr the next day at Boonville, and he would tell all the stories that Orr had told on his canvass, and thereby break the effect of his speech. This he did, and he said when he got through, "Now, fellow-citizens, you will find that will be the speech of the gentleman who is candidate for Governor of the State," but, of course, coming from the lips of the candidate for Lieutenant Governor who wanted to belittle the stories it would not sound like much of a speech, and the Democrats were in high glee over the destruction of the effect of Orr's speech on the crowd. When Orr got up he made an entirely different kind of a speech from the one recited by his predecessor on the stand, and told a new set of stories, and he went home and left the field clear to Orr.

The letters of "The Wandering Jew" to the Republican had excited the people all over the State, and Frank Blair, John Howe and other Union men in St. Louis wanted him to come to St. Louis to speak, so they found him in Osage County, I think, and invited him down to St. Louis on a certain date when they would have a big rally. As to the rally, Judge Uriel Wright told Judge Dade and Col. Marcus Boyd and I this story in Judge Dade's yard, when he came here to speak after the gubernatorial and before the presidential election of that year. He said that he and Col. Blair, Mr. Barnum and John Howe were appointed a committee to go to the train and meet Judge Orr and take him to Barnum's Hotel, where he was to be their guest. They met the Missouri Pacific train, but there was no Judge Orr. None of them knew the Judge personally, but the description of his person had been so often given that they had no doubt but that they would know him when they saw him. They waited patiently until all the passengers were out of the train, and there was no Judge Orr, so they went back to the hotel, and there was no

Judge Orr. They hunted all through the city and could not find him, and were very much excited, and along about two o'clock went back to Barnum's Hotel and asked the clerk if he had seen or heard anything of Judge Orr. Orr had a very queer signature, and the clerk just pointed to a signature on the book, and there it was, "S. Orr, Springfield, Missouri," and said, "Is that your man?" and Frank Blair looked at the signature and said that is right, and he said, "Where is he?" and the clerk said, "In the dining room." Blair, Howe and Wright went in, and he says that Orr was shoveling vegetables into his mouth with his knife, and he had on the commonest clothes he pretty nearly ever saw, but when he looked up at him he saw Andrew Jackson (Blair had in his youth known Jackson well). Blair said to Orr, "Is this Judge Orr of Springfield?" Orr looked up and said it was, and Blair said, "Well, Judge, I am Frank Blair." Orr jumped up and reached his hand across the table, and said, "How are you, Frank. I have hearn of you often, and I am glad to meet you." and Blair explained to him that they had been hunting for him all the morning, and asked him how he got there, and he said that he had come on a freight train with his horse; that he had to make a canvass in Southeast Missouri, and that he was going to stay with that horse. They had a conference lasting all the afternoon. Maj. Rollins, Bob Wilson and other noted men of the State were there, all brought there by the letters of the "Wandering Jew" in the Republican about what wonderful speeches Orr had made, and how he had enthused the masses. They talked to him that afternoon, and they were certain that the "Wandering Jew" had written those letters for the purpose of deceiving the people as to Orr's ability as a canvasser and a public speaker. Wright said he had no idea he could speak a hundred words without stopping, and as for his swaying his crowd he knew he could not do that, so they went into a conference that afternoon as to what to do, and they decided that Judge Uriel Wright should make one of his best speeches, followed by Bob Wilson, and he by Maj. Rollins, and they would let Orr speak fifteen minutes, and Frank Blair to cover the fiasco of Orr's speech; also to make a whooping-up speech, and get the crowd in a good humor. So the program was carried out, and Wright said he thought that Wilson and Rollins made the best

speeches they ever made in their lives. I forgot to say that they told Judge Orr that knowing he was pretty well worked out that they would not want him to speak but fifteen minutes, the real reason being that they did not want destroyed their chances of carrying the city of St. Louis. So after all three speeches had been made Frank Blair introduced Orr as the next Governor of the State of Missouri, and Orr pulled out an old silver watch and laid it down before him, and in less than ten minutes he had the crowd wild and cheering to beat the band. At the end of fifteen minutes he was going to close, and the crowd yelled to "Go on!" "Go on!" "Go on!" and he turned around to Frank Blair and said, "Shall I go on?" and he said, "Yes," and Orr said, "How long?" and he said, "Another fifteen minutes," and Orr went at it again, and it was no trouble for him to keep them yelling and hollowing all the time at his stories and apt illustrations, and at the end of fifteen minutes he was going to close again, and the audience yelled, "Go on!" and he turned around to Blair and said, "Well, what shall I do?" and Blair said, "Go on! Go on!" and Orr says, "How long shall I go on?" and Blair says, "Just as long as you can keep them hollowing in that way," and Orr says, "I can keep them hollowing that way all night," and Wright says, "Gentlemen, right then I believed he could do it."

He made his canvass, and spoke at Lebanon the day of the election, and rode part of the way to Springfield that afternoon, and got into Springfield the next afternoon, and about three hundred of us went out on horseback to meet him and escort him in, and he went up on the porch of the hotel at the corner of Boonville street and the Public Square and spoke to us, and it so happened that the old gentleman who had made the sneering remark when he announced himself as candidate was sitting on the fence that was around the old public well, and Judge Orr saw him, and the first thing he said was, "Uncle E——, when I announced myself for Governor you sneered at me, and I told you then that if I wasn't elected Governor of the State of Missouri you would think I was the day after the election. Don't you?" Uncle E—— says, "Yes, Sample, I am sorry to say that I do."

Three different amended returns were made in that election, and according to amended returns Orr was defeated. If he had

been elected the war on the west side of the Mississippi would have been south of the Arkansas River in place of the Missouri.

CHAMP CLARK

My first acquaintance with Hon. Champ Clark came about in this way: At Luray there had been a mob. When Governor Phelps was inaugurated he determined to punish the men concerned in it. Hon. John M. Wood was then a young man, and only those well acquainted with him knew how big he was. Governor Phelps intended to send Gen. E. Y. Mitchell, who was then Adjutant General, and who was a fine criminal lawyer, to aid in the prosecution of those indicted but as Gen. Mitchell was to be the assistant, Governor Phelps wanted to know for certain that the legal Prosecuting Attorney had the "sand in his craw" and "backbone" to stand up for the enforcement of law and order while bearded by the leaders of the mob and those who participated with them. So he asked me to see, and become well satisfied myself, whether Mr. Wood would prosecute in the face of all difficulties. He did not care so much about his legal abilities, as General Mitchell would furnish them, but he did want to know that he would favor vigorous prosecution of those engaged in the mob; and if I didn't think that he was the man he wanted, he asked me to see Champ Clark, and size him up. It so happened that it was convenient to interview Clark first. Of course, he did not know or even suspect that I had inveigled him into the interview on the porch of the "Old Hotel." But I spent a very happy two hours with him in chatting on that old porch discussing law, politics and religion. "I found he was a decided believer" in the Scriptures as interpreted by Alexander Campbell; for his copious quotations from the New Testament and great writers showed me that he knew on what he based his faith. It did not take me long to find out that he was not a Seventh Day Democrat, but was a Democrat seven days in the week, and that he knew of no reason why the lenient laws of State of Missouri should not be enforced, but that he did know of many reasons why they should be. And the reasons that he gave me were so entirely satisfactory, and his illustrations so ample and so

appropriate, that I felt certain that if Hon. J. M. Wood did not come to the "scratch" in first-class manner that Champ Clark would. Some days afterwards I met the Hon. J. M. Wood, and without his "knowledge and consent" I put him through the same "course of sprouts." The interview proved entirely satisfactory, and I so reported to Governor Phelps. It is a matter of history that Mr. Wood and General Mitchell defeated the leaders of the mob at the next trial. This will be news to Judge Wood, as it was to Champ Clark. When I wrote him about it, some six months ago, I got a characteristic letter from Clark in answer to mine, informing him why I interviewed him on the porch of the "Old Hotel." He said substantially: "What little things change the course of human life. If I had prosecuted those men, I would probably be practicing law in Missouri, but as I failed to get the chance I am what I am."

I see that the farmers of Greene County are organizing in order to take better care of their farms, raise bigger and finer stock and greater cereal crops of all kinds than they have done in the last few years. To encourage them, I want to write that prior to the war we had what was called the Southwest Missouri District Fair. In 1860 the fair association offered a prize for the best ten acres of corn and one for the best five acres of meadow. I cannot remember how many people competed for the different prizes, but I can remember that Robert P. Faulkner, whose farm was a part of the southwest part of town, Kindred Rose, who lived in the Grand Prairie, and Elijah Gray, who lived southwest of town, were the three best exhibitors.

Robert P. Faulkner raised 126 bushels to the acre; Kindred Rose raised 123 bushels to the acre; Elijah Gray 121 bushels to the acre. The men who exhibited the corn were required to explain how they cultivated it. I remember Mr. Faulkner's, because it was the first time I ever heard of level cultivation. In his statement as to how he cultivated his corn he stated that he broke the land with a turning plow made by John Lair, whose shop was where the Woodruff building now stands. Following that furrow was an old-fashioned bull-tongued plow drawn by a big mule, and sunk as deeply into the ground as the mule could pull it. He then harrowed the land twice and planted it, and then

harrowed it twice again; then plowed it with bull-tongue plows four times, always leaving the land as level as he could. Part of the ten acres was an old Indian field when the first settlers came here, but old Colonel Neville stated that Mr. Faulkner was "cultivating another farm lower down."

The premium on hay was taken by Benjamin Cannefax, and I know of but one man living who helped to measure the corn or weigh the hay, and that is Mr. J. G. Dollison. I talked with him the other day and he told me that Mr. Cannefax's hay weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons to the acre.

Dr. T. J. Bailey's favorite cow was milked on the fair grounds one day and gave a little over one bushel of milk. Fine horses and mules, it seems to me, were as plentiful as they are now, although the mules were not so large. One of the largest hogs that ever was raised in the county up to that time was brought and butchered by Joseph Morris and weighed over 825 pounds.

Col. Solomon C. Neville, who settled in the Grand Prairie country, came here from Kentucky. I have always understood he imported his Angora goats, either in 1859 or 1860. I know I have never seen any finer ones than he had, and I have seen them at the fairs, I suppose as fine as there are in the world. He was very enthusiastic over his prospects for successful Angora goat raising, but the war, of course, put him out of business.

I think it well in this small book to record for all future ages the exact circumstances of the death and burial of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Wilson Creek on the 10th day of August, 1861. I think there is but one man living who knows all of the circumstances connected with his removal from the battlefield of Wilson Creek on that day.

In 1910 I wrote to Dr. Melcher, who was a surgeon in the Volunteer Army, who participated in the battle on that date. I have known Dr. Melcher since 1861, and I know him to be a gentleman of the highest honor, with a memory unclouded, especially of what happened at that time. I give his answer verbatim:

“2327 Jackson Blvd.,

“Chicago, Ill., August 17, 1910.

“Mr. Martin J. Hubble,

“Springfield, Mo.

“Dear Old Friend and Comrade:

“Replying to your favor of June 22, regarding the death of Gen. Lyon, bringing the body to Springfield, placing body in the casket made by Mr. Presley Beal, burial on the Phelps’ farm, etc. As you say, I am probably the only person living who can give the particulars from personal knowledge.

“I was with Dr. Smith, Gen. Rains’ division surgeon, looking for wounded, not far from 12 o’clock noon, on August 10, ’61, and learning from Col. Emmett McDonald that Gen. Lyon had been killed, asked for his body. He said, ‘Come with me and I will see.’ In a few moments he took me to Gen. Price, and introducing me as Gen. Lyon’s surgeon, requested Gen. Price to give me the body. With Gen. Price were Col. McLane, Col. Snead, Gen. Parsons, Gen. Stein, Gen. Rains, and other officers. Gen. Price took me by the hand, and turning to Gen. Rains asked if he knew where the body was. On Gen. Rains answering that he did, Gen. Price ordered him to send for it for identification. In about twenty minutes I was notified by Gen. Stein, and went to the wagon, and on raising the blanket, which was over the face, I, at once, recognized my dead general. Gen. Stein said, ‘Do you identify the body?’ On my replying in the affirmative he rode away. Gen. Rains then said, ‘What are your wishes?’ Having no conveyance, I requested that the body be removed to the Ray house, where I was acquainted.

“Arriving there, some of the Confederates kindly carried the body into the house, and placed it on a bed in the front room, where I examined for wounds. There was one on the right side of the head, another in the right leg below the knee, and another, which caused his death, was made by a small rifle ball, which entered about the fourth rib on the left side, passing entirely through the body, making its exit from the right side, evidently passing through both lungs and heart. From the character of this wound it is my opinion that Gen. Lyon was holding the bridle rein in his left hand, and had turned in the saddle to give a com-

mand or words of encouragement, thus exposing his left side to the fire of the enemy.

“At this time he had on a dark blue, single-breasted captain’s coat, with the buttons used by the regular army of the United States. It was the same uniform coat I had frequently seen him wear in the arsenal at St. Louis, and was considerably worn and faded. He had no shoulder straps; his pants were dark blue; the wide-brim felt hat he had worn during the campaign was not with him, and there was no sword or other evidences of rank. After arranging the body as well as circumstances permitted, it was carried to the wagon and covered with a spread or sheet furnished by Mrs. Ray.

“When I was ready to start Gen. Rains said: ‘I will not order any to go with you, but volunteers may go’; and **five Confederate soldiers** offered their service of escort. One drove the team; the others, being mounted, rode with me in rear of wagon. The only name I can give is that of Orderly Sergt. Brackett of a company in Churchill’s Arkansas regiment. Another of the escort was a German, who, in 1863, was clerking in Springfield, and during the defense of Springfield against the attack of Marmaduke, January 8, 1863, did service in the citizens’ company of 42 men which was attached to my ‘Quinine Brigade’ from the hospitals.

“Just as we were starting Gen. Rains requested that something be written to show that he had done his duty in the matter, and the following was written and signed by both of us, and is on file in the War Department in Washington:

“ ‘Gen. James S. Rains, commanding Missouri State Guards, having learned that Gen. Lyon, commanding United States forces during action near Springfield, Mo., August 10, 1861, had fallen, kindly afforded military escort and transportation subject to my order. I also have his assurance that all the wounded shall be well taken care of and may be removed under the hospital flag, and that the dead shall be buried as rapidly as possible.

“ ‘(Signed) S. H. MELCHER,
“ ‘Asst. Surg. 5th Reg. Mo. Vols.

“ ‘Wilson Creek, Aug. 10, 1861.

“ ‘The above fully approved and indorsed.

“ ‘(Signed) JAMES S. RAINS,

“ ‘Brig.-Gen. 8th M. D., M. S. G.’

“About half way to Springfield I saw a party under flag of truce going toward the battlefield, which I learned afterwards had been sent out from Springfield in search of the body. This party was probably 500 or 1,000 yards distant from me on the prairie as they passed. Arriving at Springfield about 6 p. m., the first officer I reported to was the ever faithful Col. Nelson Cole, then captain of Company E, 1st Missouri Volunteer Infantry, who, with what remained of his gallant company, was guarding the outposts. All who were not on guard duty came to the wagon and took a last look at the general. I passed on, to the camps of Gen. James Totten and T. W. Sweeney. Here Gen. Totten relieved my escort and sent them back to their command, a new driver was furnished, and I delivered the body of Gen. Lyon to Maj. J. M. Schofield, 1st Missouri Volunteer Infantry—later Lieut.-Gen. Schofield, U. S. A.—at the house that had been used previous to the battle by Gen. Lyon for his headquarters. [On the north side of College and a few doors west of Main street.—M. J. H.]

“Early the next morning the two nurses from the hospital who had remained with the body after the troops left reported to the hospital that some ladies had taken their place to watch with the body. I went there and found Mrs. Boyd, wife of Col. Marcus Boyd (she is still living—the widow of Mr. Blackwell), with her two eldest daughters, one of whom is now living in Springfield, Mrs. Lula Boyd Kennedy, and Mrs. Jane Beal, who remained with the body until it was placed in a black walnut coffin which Mr. Presley Beal had been constructing by order of Dr. Franklin, when Mrs. Mary Phelps appeared, and the coffin containing the body was placed in a wagon and taken to her farm. This is the last I knew, personally, of the disposition of Gen. Lyon’s body.

“Yours fraternally,

“ (Signed) S. H. MELCHER.

“P. S.—I enclose slip, published in the ‘National Tribune.’ ”

WHOSE SWORD IS IT—NOT GENERAL LYON'S

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of April 4 is an item in the Washington columns regarding a sword in the National Museum, said sword purporting to be the one worn by and belonging to Gen. Nathaniel Lyon at the battle of Wilson Creek. The item states, "One of the battery officers was Churchill Clark, a cousin of the general, and when the body was sent back to the Federal lines next day under a flag of truce, he unhooked the sword from the belt and put it on," etc. The facts are, the body was turned over to me by General Rains by order of Gen. Price, and I proceeded from the Ray house with a volunteer Confederate escort in charge of Orderly Sergeant Brackett of Churchill's Regiment of Arkansas Mounted Infantry, arriving in Springfield about 6 o'clock August 10, 1861.

There was on the body no sword, belt, shoulder straps or other insignia of rank except a single-breasted regulation captain's coat.

From May 7, 1861, for five weeks I was a member of Gen. Lyon's military household at the arsenal in St. Louis, meeting him many times every day. I do not recollect ever seeing him wearing a sword or a sword belt.

After returning to Springfield with the wounded from the battle of Carthage, about July 7, I saw him every day up to 5:30 o'clock p. m., August 9, when we were about ready to move to Wilson's Creek, and do not remember of seeing him with a sword.

I am the officer who received the body from Gen. Price, brought it to Springfield that same evening of the day of the battle, turned it over to Major Schofield (Lieut. Gen. Schofield later), assisted Surgeon Franklin in preparing the body the next day for burial, placed the body in a coffin, made by Presley Beale, a cabinet maker of Springfield. These facts are matters of history. I also send you a statement by Col. David Murphy, of St. Louis.—S. H. Melcher (Assistant Surgeon, 5th Mo., Aug. 10, 1861, Springfield, Missouri).

The following is a copy of a letter written by Col. David Murphy to Dr. Melcher as to the foregoing extract:

“Springfield, Mo., April 11, 1907.

“Col. S. H. Melcher:

“Your letter of the 10th inst. is at hand. In reply to your inquiry concerning the clothing and arms worn by Gen. Lyon at the battle of Wilson Creek, fought August 10, 1861, I will state that I was with Maj. Osterhaus’ battalion of the 2nd Mo. when it made its last bayonet charge, and received a gunshot wound in my leg which disabled me.

“I went to the rear for surgical assistance, and after having the bullet extracted by Lieut. Lothrop, of the 4th U. S. Art., proceeded to inspect the field, and wandered about among the dead and wounded. In this way I espied Private Edw. Lehman, of Co. B, 2d U. S., crouching by the side of a body which was covered with a U. S. army overcoat.

“I asked Lehman if the body was that of the General. He answered with a nod of his head. I asked him why he did not have the body taken into Springfield? He answered by asking the question, ‘What can a private soldier do?’

“Observing one of Capt. E. A. Carr’s wagons passing at the base of the hill I hailed it, told the teamster that I wanted him to take the body of Gen. Lyon into Springfield. The teamster turned his wagon from the road up to where the dead General lay, and the three of us lifted the body into the wagon, requiring the wounded soldiers therein to make room for the body, and I saw the wagon drive off in the direction of Springfield.

“A few minutes later, a sergeant of the regular army came up and ordered the body taken out, saying, ‘There will be an ambulance here in a minute for it.’ The corpse was then carried beneath the shade tree where it had before reposed. The Federal army now retreated, and the ambulance ordered never came up. * * The body had been placed in a small covered wagon, used as an ambulance, to be conveyed to Gen. McCulloch’s headquarters (not Gen. Price’s) when an order arrived that it should be taken to Price’s and delivered to Dr. S. H. Melcher.

“As you say, the General wore a captain’s uniform coat, but no sword. I met the general frequently at the St. Louis

Arsenal, also en route to and on the march from Boonville south to Springfield, prior to the battle without epaulettes, sword or belt, and never saw him wear either a sword or belt.

“DAVID MURPHY,
“St. Louis, Mo.”

There can be no doubt that the foregoing is absolutely correct.—M. J. H.

“CIRCUIT JUDGES TO 1860”

CHARLES H. ALLEN (HOSS ALLEN)

He was a Whig and the country was Democratic. At his first session of court the Senator from this district went to the court room to “lick him.” Peaceable citizens stopped his progress, but a commotion was created and one of the Headlees, Whig supporters of “Old Hoss,” went to his defense and told “Old Hoss” the situation. “Old Hoss” said, “Sheriff, adjourn court.” He took off his wig and gown and laid them on the railing in front and walked up to the irate Senator and said, “Maj. W——, I am ‘Hoss Allen’ NOW and I can lick you,” but friends interfered and got the irate Major out of the court house.

FOSTER P. WRIGHT

CHARLES S. YANCY

PATRIC H. EDWARDS

Of whom this story was told:

His brother sent him to feed the hogs when he was a boy, and he was gone a year, and when he came home he went to where he had hung his basket containing the corn to feed the hogs—when he “lit out”—got the basket and “showed up” to his brother on the porch.

Brother: “Where have you been?”

P. H.: “Been to feed the hogs.”

Brother: “You’ve been a long time at it.”

I think he had.

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